

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## Belligerent Rights to the Irish Republic.

Of course these must be granted at once by the United States. There is no reasonable (Irish) mind can doubt for a moment the justice and expediency of such action. The statements made last week to President Johnson by a deputation of leading Fenians must dispel any skepticism that might linger in the mind of mere newspaper readers as to the existence of the republic. It is scarcely fair to suppose these persons capable of a deliberate falsehood, and when in reply to a question from the President, they answered that there was a *de facto* Irish Republic, we are bound, as Mr. Johnson apparently did, to believe them, and to think, with him, that it is a very serious matter; very serious for England, very serious for Ireland, and very serious for ourselves.

The conduct of Great Britain toward us during the first few months of the rebellion can never be forgotten, and, perhaps, never forgiven, at least, by this generation. Her granting belligerent rights to the rebels gave

them a standing of respectability they could never otherwise have attained. It was not diplomatically a recognition, but at least it was an acknowledgment of the existence of a power which had certain rights antagonistic to us; and while we maintained that the seceding States had no such rights, Great Britain said that they had, and took care that they were enabled to exercise them to our disadvantage. All this is an old story and perfectly familiar to our readers. Our only reason for recalling it is, that the Fenians now ask us to apply to Great Britain in their case the same principles she applied to the South when it rebelled, and if the two cases are precisely parallel there might be no good reason for denying their request. But when, on examination, we find that their case is much stronger than that of the South was, it will be impossible to refuse the small boon they ask of their adopted country.

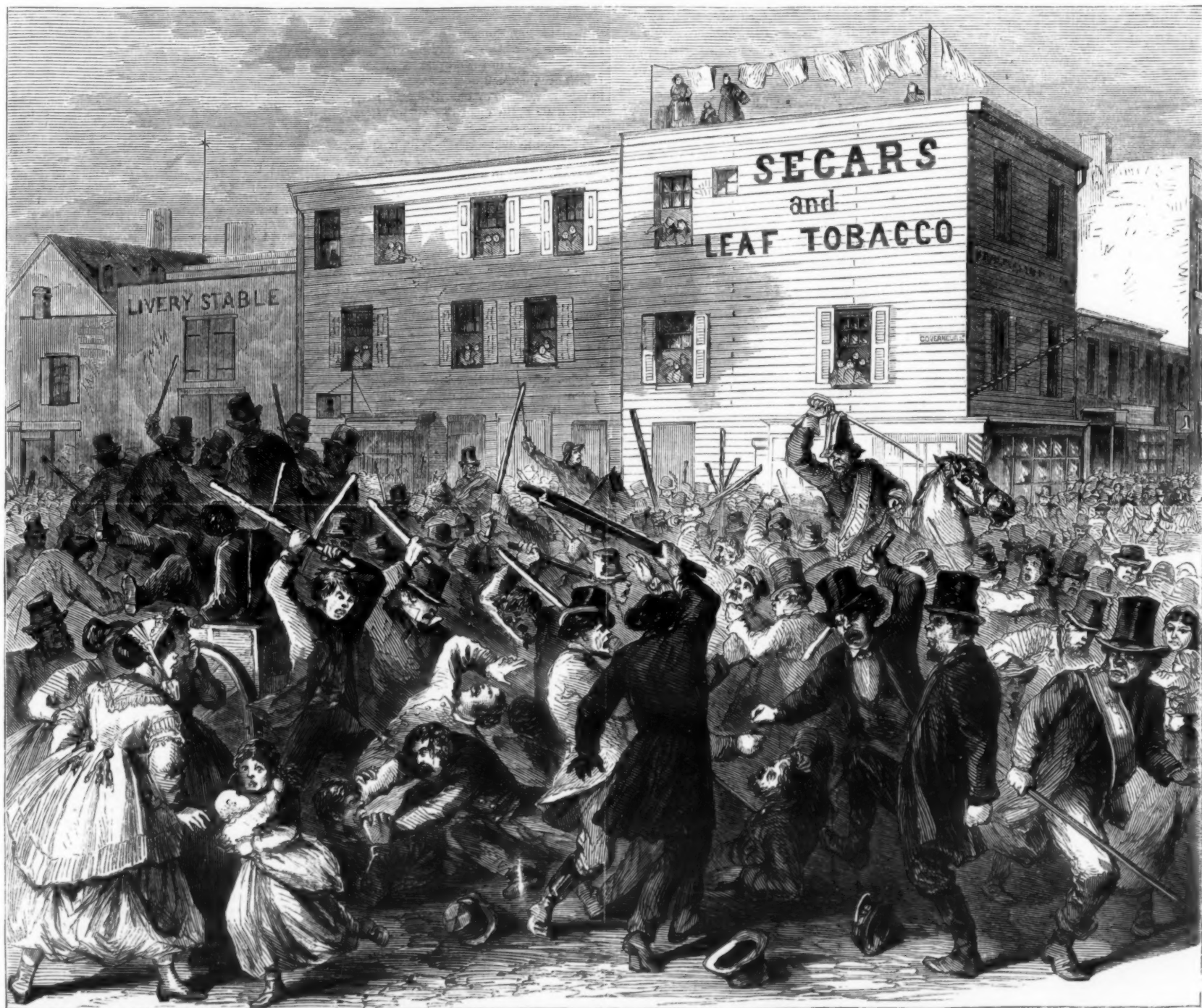
Let us compare the two classes of aspirants for independence, and we shall see how much more worthy that of the Irish is of our recognition than the South was of that of Great Britain. In the first place, look at the length of time an

alleged oppression has been endured. Supposing the South to have suffered any wrongs from the North, which we deny, they could not have begun before the Union was formed; and what are eighty years of, at the worst, a state of unfriendliness, to the eight hundred years of sacking, and burning, and devastation, which (the Fenians tell us) their unfortunate country has borne from Great Britain?

Again, before the South was put on the footing of a nodding acquaintance with England, it had called together its own Congress, elected its own President, coined or stamped its own money, adopted a flag, raised armies, refused the process of the United States Courts within its territories, and done all that a sovereign power might or could. Have not the rebel Irish done all this and more? For instead of one President they have two, each with his own Congress or Centre—surely a double claim to eminence! They have a flag: who has not seen it? and paper money, too, and armies, and declarations of independence by the dozen. What more is wanting to a *de facto* (Irish) Republic? If it be objected that all these

fine revolutionary implements are not in Ireland, where they should be, but in the United States, the answer is obvious—that they are here merely in a state of preparation, as the rams were in Laird's shipyards, and the moment that belligerent rights are granted they will be moved to the scene of action. It may be said that granting to people within our territory belligerent rights against a friendly power is very much like going to war ourselves; and the answer is, that none but an enemy of old Ireland could make such an assertion; that the difference is quite clear to every cultivated (Irish) mind, and only a dull Saxon could fail to see it.

Besides, we have no right to assume that rebellion with all its terrors is not in full force in Ireland itself. It is not to be supposed that England, having control of the cable, would allow any message to be sent which would indicate how deadly her peril was. While as to dispatches by steamers, the two Presidents—one active, the other passive, like the Tycoon and the Mikado of the Japanese—are statesmen of too much wisdom and experience to allow any facts to leak out which should



THE RIOT ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY—THE ATTACK ON THE POLICE AT THE CORNER OF GRAND AND PITT STREETS, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 35.



enable the "tyrant" to interfere with plans now on the eve of glorious realization. Have we not the assurance of the Fenian delegation that a *de facto* Irish Republic is in existence—whether in New York city, or in Connemara, or in Chicago is of no importance—and that everything is progressing favorably with "the men in the gap"? And how disloyal (to Ireland) must he be who can allow himself to doubt that the green flag is at this moment waving triumphantly from Skibbereen to Derry—that the patriot army is everywhere successful, and that Parliament (Irish) will meet next week in College Green!

There is yet one more reason why belligerent rights should be granted to the Fenians. Their leaders did not state it in Washington, but it was no doubt uppermost in the minds of all who saw them; and that is, that they have votes, and can probably control the votes of their party, and if the South is to come back, the party in power will want all the votes they can get. Not that we need go quite so far as actually giving them leave to go to war, making a base of the United States. But we can encourage them—pat them on the backs—tell them what fine fellows they are—talk of Brian Boru and the battle of Fontenoy—and the sweet (Irish) brogue—and when their votes are polled for the side that cajoles them, then it can turn round and say—wait a little.

The last reason we shall urge for holding out every inducement to the Irish to go to their native sod and fight for their independence, is, we fear, rather a selfish one, and not quite in keeping with the high moral tone of those preceding it. And it is, that we would rather see their belligerent rights exercised anywhere than in our own streets. If their blood be so hot, and their tempers so violent, that with arms in their hands they cannot refrain from deadly assaults on a crowd of helpless citizens, we should prefer their prowess should be tried against the troops of their old tyrant; and there would be this one blessed consolation, that the probable result of the encounter would rid us for ever of the miscreants who can brutally cut down citizens and policemen, as if the city belonged to St. Patrick and they were his ministers of vengeance. If in granting belligerent rights to the Irish their leaders would pledge themselves to take themselves and their followers to the old country, the experiment might be worth trying, there being this secret understanding with England, that none of them should come back here. It would be a felicitous combination which at the same time purified our voting population, and satisfied her sense of justice.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1867.

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## NOTICE.

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## An Acceptable Present.

WITH No. 21 of FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY we give to every purchaser a copy of the beautiful and popular engraving, entitled, "Grant in Peace." It is the same picture that we presented to the buyers of No. 39 of THE CHIMNEY CORNER, and which enlarged the circulation of that well-known and favorite journal. As it met with such a hearty welcome from the grown-up patrons and parents who patronize the latter publication, we have thought it would be likewise a pleasing gift to all the Boys and Girls who read the WEEKLY. The portrait was photographed expressly for Frank Leslie by Wenderoth & Co., of Philadelphia, and is a fine work of art, worthy of a frame.

## Special Notice.

WITH this week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER, we present to every purchaser a copy of a PORTRAIT OF HON. THADDEUS STEVENS. This forms the first of our National Portrait Gallery, the next number of which will consist of a Portrait of WENDELL PHILLIPS, and will be given away with No. 605.

## Kennedy and Connolly.

We were right in supposing that the Albany Legislature would not allow Mr. Superintendent Kennedy's somewhat tart answer to their inquiry to pass without notice. Very soon after it was received, the Assembly sent to the Order Commissioners to inquire further why Order 489 was issued, and the public has been edified by hearing at very full length what the reasons are which justify Mr. Kennedy, in his own mind, in practically suppressing a Court of Justice.

In the obnoxious order itself, it was stated that two officers had been insulted and committed to jail on frivolous pretenses at the Fourth District Police Court, but when the Grand Jury found true bills against the officers, and sent the cases for trial, this assertion of "frivolous pretenses" was made to look rather silly. The Superintendent had, however, many more arrows in his quiver, and in his answer to the inquiry of the Assembly, he gives the details of a great number of cases in which Mr. Justice Connolly has not only refused to act on the plain letter of the law, but has conducted himself in a manner to bring the Court and all connected with it into disrepute. Of course, all these are *ex parte* statements; but supposing them all to be strictly true, we do not see that Mr. Kennedy's case is mended. More than this, had the outrage on justice been ten times more flagrant, had Connolly's conduct been ten times more brutal and insulting than it is described, we fail to see any justification for Kennedy's interference with the privileges of a Court.

We have no knowledge whatever of the aggrieved party in this matter. As one of the offspring of an Elective Judiciary, it is very possible that all alleged against him may be true. But what we have to look at is, that this is at present the legal mode of administering justice, and although Mr. Kennedy may not like it any more than we do, he has no more right to abolish or bring into contempt a Court legally organized than the Court has to abolish him. We have not one word to say in defense of the Judge. We hold that the whole system of Elective Judiciary is fundamentally wrong, and it is very certain that at the approaching Convention it will be swept away. But in the meantime the office of Judge must have our respect, and it is necessary as a safeguard of liberty that no man, even the head of police, shall cease to respect it, still less, strive to destroy it.

Mr. Kennedy again vaguely hints at statutory justifications of his conduct, and it would at least be respectful to the Assembly if he would only say what statute he relies on. We showed in our last article on this subject that the only statute he had then quoted was quite against his assumptions, and that, moreover, by the course of conduct he was pursuing, he was laying himself, or his subordinates, open to swinging damages for illegal detention in every case which he sent past the Fourth District Police Court.

## Napoleon and Abbott.

It is rather singular that most of the fun in the world now comes from Europe. We have scarcely done laughing over the malignant silliness of McCracken, when Mr. Abbott offers himself in his cap and bells to amuse us for an evening. It is a charming relief to turn from the solemn dullness of Congress, from the Legislative proceedings at Albany, which, when not personal, are intensely dreary, from the small jobs of our City Fathers, and the heavy daily details of crime, to something so fresh and racy as Mr. Abbott's description of his interview with the Emperor Napoleon.

It would be a matter of curious speculation to find out the exact relationship that exists between the hero and his worshiper. What would the one have been without the other? If, for instance, Johnson had not lived, what would Boswell have been, or if Boswell had not lived, what should we have known of Johnson? And so of Abbott. If the first Napoleon had not lived, who would he have played flunkie to? And certainly if Abbott had never been born, the world would have lost a chance of seeing how a naturally ingenious and fertile mind may lose all its strength when exposed to the unaccustomed atmosphere of unlimited power without moral restraint. If Mr. Abbott had been able to discern a single speck on the greatness of Napoleon the First, he might possibly have tried to trace its hereditary descent to Napoleon the Third. If the poisoning of the prisoners at Jaffa, or the murder of the Duc d'Enghien had not been in Mr. Abbott's estimation proofs of supreme wisdom and unerring sagacity, he might have traced in the *coup d'état* the same indifference to the lives of others, when personal safety or a grand political object were at stake. But in his gushing ardor he prostrates himself before his idol and denies that it has spot or blemish.

We might however ask wherein such a reception as Mr. Abbott describes as being given him by the politeness of the Emperor differs from one we might imagine granted to an artist who was about to inscribe on a tablet the virtues that were to be handed down to posterity. Did any one ever see on such a tablet, whether meant to adorn a column or to consecrate a tomb, any mention of a fault, failure or defect? How like a sepulchral inscription does the monologue sound, of which Mr. Abbott says he made the Emperor the victim. He begins: "When I reflect on the birth of your Majesty in Paris," &c., &c. Under other circumstances it might have been, "Born of poor but honest parents," &c., &c., but in

either case winding up with a vast expenditure of adjectives, signifying that they lived happy and died lamented.

Louis Napoleon has commonly been believed to be a man of some sense, but Mr. Abbott has done his best to disabuse the world of the idea; for that any gentleman could sit still and listen to such rhapsodies on his own excellencies, including his Strasburg expedition, as Mr. Abbott tells us he poured forth, is something past belief. We should rather believe that Mr. Abbott, like many other travelers, wrote down what he intended to say, or what he thinks he might have said, rather than that Napoleon spent an hour of his valuable time in listening to the grossest flattery, such as even a provincial *Maire* could not beat. The Emperor was told by his new incense-bearer that he was searching all over Paris and London for books that proved the increased greatness of the domestic policy and foreign diplomacy of France since his auspicious reign began. For a bookmaker, with a fixed idea in his own mind, which he is to carry out in spite of all evidence of the unsoundness of his facts and the falsity of his reasoning, this is a very nice occupation. The Emperor liked to encourage the idea, and offered Mr. Abbott a collection of his own works. Will this gentleman forgive us if we hint that Kinglake's "Crimea" would be a valuable addition to his collection, and that he had better not publish his intended eulogy till Kinglake's last volumes appear?

We are rather at a loss to know on what audience Mr. Abbott reckons for the sale of his new "Testimony." If the French nation, we think they probably know a great deal more about Louis Napoleon than he could teach them; and, if he were not past instruction, they could tell him some strange things he is evidently ignorant of. If his own countrymen are to buy his book, we would advise him not to write in it what he said to the Emperor, perhaps, however, without thinking of anything but tickling the ear of the august personage who politely listened. Mr. Abbott may sincerely believe that it would have been better for Mexico if a French puppet had been established as Emperor there, but his belief is not that of the American people, who, without distinction of party, resolved not to tolerate French interference, and by the exercise of moral influence alone have forced the withdrawal of the French army and the French nominee. Mr. Abbott may see in this a proof of the grandeur of the moral ideas of Napoleon III. The American people see in it an attempt to take advantage of our domestic troubles to plant a thorn in our sides. The attempt has been an unequivocal failure, whether his eulogist choose to acknowledge it or not; and Mr. Abbott may as well be warned in time that we are scarcely yet in a fit temper to be told that the Emperor was magnanimous, far-sighted, and humane, while we were jealous, cross-grained, and blind to our own interests.

Mr. Abbott would have us believe that the Emperor, in paying court to him, sought to conciliate the whole American people. How otherwise can we understand the closing interview of these most remarkable men? We are breathless with awe at the brilliant spectacle. Four thousand persons are present at a ball in the Tuileries. In the presence of the most gorgeous, if not the most refined, court of Europe, a presentation took place, described as "a most imposing scene," which, in one sense, it probably was. The master of the Tuileries maintains an awful silence till he hears the Abbott's name, his chum of the day before. Then he breaks out: "I am happy to see you, Mr. Abbott; I bid you welcome to the palace of the Tuileries." And then comes: "This was an honor which was not conferred on any one else."

Oh, thrice happy Abbott! No wonder that from the death of his incommunicable bliss he registered a vow to write in a book all the goodness and greatness of a being who could confer such happiness on an American citizen. The only wonder is that he did not, when spoken to, go down on his knees. It is some relief, however, to find that, unlike the meeting of other great personages, no tears were shed on either side. Perhaps they are reserved for the dedicatory address of the great book.

## Parlor Amusements.

Though the number be legion, and every season of the year bring out something new, there has for a long time been felt the want of something higher than a game, yet not so irksome as a study. For instance, parlor croquet may amuse for a short time, but its interest soon ceases, for it has no outlet for the mental qualities that obtain rest in change of object nearly as well as perfect repose. On the other hand, chess, the king of games, is eminently unsocial, and, after all, is only a relaxation to very few minds. Cards are a frequent resource, but besides a well founded objection there is to introducing them into a household where boys are, it is speedily found that the element of chance deprives the games of all pretense of being intellectual pursuits.

Perhaps acting charades come nearer the perfection of amusements for young people than any other. There is sufficient bustle and excitement to prevent the game being dull. All in their turns can play. The selection and mode of representation of a charade is an agreeable mental exercise, while a system of forfeits from those who cannot guess the word or sentiment acted gives animation at the close.

There is a variation from this representation of a word to the representation of a character, which we have never seen introduced as a game, but which we cannot but think would make a charming addition to our American homes. As played by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, who are now meeting with great and well merited success in Boston, it appears that only a small change from their system would be necessary to make their concert-room exhibitions eminently fitted for the private parlors of our citizens. At least the experiment might be worth trying. Our social prosperity depends so much upon our home lives and the home lives of the young folks around us, that we attach special importance to every effort made to render those homes agreeable and attractive. Dullness and insipidity in the house drive a youth to seek abroad the pleasure he cannot find at home. Naturally he haunts billiard-saloons, theatres, and sometimes still worse places, and the end of this bad career we see sadly illustrated every day. But if his own family circle be made attractive, if the amusements in the parlor satisfy the natural craving of youth for change and excitement, we are convinced many a lamentable record of crime and ruin would be spared us.

## TOWN GOSSIP.

THE weather-wise are confident that we have finally seen "the end of the snow-storms for this year, and it does seem as though the season itself would recognize the greater charm of the few late balmy days over the blustering cold which has characterized the month, and in its own interest refuse to have any more storms. The streets, however, continue in a fine condition of mud, which promises a most ample crop of dust when the dry March winds begin to blow in earnest. Meanwhile, however, the boys of the city, taking time by the forelock, have commenced their kite-flying, while the business men are in hopes of the speedy commencement of the spring season, which will enable them to follow the same avocation, though in a more serious and dangerous manner.

The season brings curiously enough the various kinds of kite-flying into closer than ordinary contrast. From our window we cannot look out for a moment, from the perusal of our daily paper, without seeing some unhappy boy's kite dangling from the telegraph wires—the cunningly arranged sticks, intended to hold the frail structure open to a propitious breeze, rudely broken and twisted; the tail, intended to serve as its balance, steadying its flight, now knotted intricately round the wire, or floating as an idle or useless streamer; the string, by which it was to be restrained and held secure, broken and useless. The sight cannot but suggest what an enemy the telegraph is to kites of all kinds, both those with which our youth is pleased and those with which our manhood is engaged.

If we could only look with spiritual eyes upon those wires, how many cunningly devised schemes would we see hanging from them, crushed and entangled; the calculations with which they were freighted all knotted and useless, the credit which restrained them broken and in shreds, while the carefully prepared framework which their authors hoped would keep them open to catch the breeze of popular favor, now as hopelessly worthless as a boy's kite, which a penny can replace, in the same position.

To turn from the window in this train of thought to the daily paper, it seems as though this sheet, prepared with so much labor and expense, so proudly boastful of its value as at once the leader of thought and the history of life, was simply but a curious species of magic mirror, reflecting, at one glance, the moral telegraph lines of the world.

There they are, a tangled web, extending in every direction all over the world, and covered all over with wrecked kites. The very sheet itself, so valiantly at reflecting this comically tragic state of things, will but serve in turn to form the covering for some new structure of the kind, destined to meet with as unhappy an end.

"The trifling of adults is called business," says old St. Augustine, and so it is. Go to, then. Because thou art virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale? No, let us fly the kites of our manhood with the same cheerful glee that we did when we were boys, and if we meet with accidents, set about replacing them, and trusting cheerfully to meet with better luck next time.

The near approach of the season for opening the Paris exhibition calls attention to the multitudes of Americans who are expected to be present there. Doubtless our industry will be well represented. In the second London exhibition the department for America contained a cow-milking machine, a few firearms, a reaping machine, a fire-engine, and an imperial photograph of Seward. The writer remembers his sensations of dismay when first entering it, and how quickly that feeling changed to one of amusement, and then to one of satisfaction. It was, after all, about as complete as only the superior wisdom of chance could have made it. The present exhibition will probably be more attractive, however, from a greater evidence of attentive arrangement.

We should wish, but suppose it would be impossible, that the Commissioners could secure the Reverend J. B. C. Abbott as one of the products of this country. He might be exhibited in a department by himself, and be hired to repeat, at stated intervals, the piece which he reports himself as having spoken at his recent interview with the Emperor. There would be a peculiar fitness in this arrangement as representing the typical man of this country. The rare combination he has displayed of adulation and advertising, of buncombe and business, of bomb and biography, renders this gentleman at once the exponent of our classes of culture and of cunning, of our philosophers and our peddlers, and



would no doubt be as instructive to our own countrymen as amusing to foreigners.

Dickens says somewhere in some one of his books, "If a man is not going to pay for his breakfast, why should he economize in ordering it?" And why should he? The most ordinary rules of economy would show him that such labor was a work of pure supererogation. It is easy enough to have things by paying for them. This art comes without need of study or instructor; but the more difficult and reconcile one of having things without paying for them, enjoying all the light-heartedness of poverty and at the same time the luxuries of wealth, living free from all care for the morrow, and at the same time not disregarding the pleasures of today, this is the art which is most worthy and most difficult to learn.

"Mankind," says Lamb, "are divided into two classes—the debtors and the creditors;" or, rather, to class them more properly, the scroungers and the scrougees. It is a distinction which seems to run in the blood; men are born into the one or the other, as they have blue eyes and fair hair, or swarthy skins and raven locks. As with the old saying, "the poet is born, but the orator may be made," there is a lurking tradition that the scrounger is born, but the scrougee may be made. Why, then, are there no teachers of the art? Why should not some one, of the skillful professors give instructions in its practical application? Such a course would surely be a success. Now that a woman has been demanding for herself the right of finding something to do, why should not some man teach his fellows the art of finding nobody to do? or the new reading of the axiom, "Do others as you have been done."

#### Amusements in the City.

Operatic affairs have continued to hold important place among city amusements, during the week ending Wednesday, March 27th, both Italian and English opera running at the same time, and both profitably attended as well as liberally given. At the Academy of Music the Max Maretzek opera troupe have continued, reinforced by Madame Parvise-Boss, who made her *entrée* there on Monday evening, the 18th, as Leonora, in "Trovatore," and also appeared on Tuesday evening the 19th, as Norma. In both roles the lady, before so popular in concert, has proved the excellence of her vocalism for the operatic stage; while her action, it must be confessed, though very forcible, partakes much more of the comedienne than the tragedienne. Excellent houses and pronounced applause have greeted all her appearances, and the introduction has proved a decided success. The lady appeared on Monday evening the 25th, in the rôle of Lucia, in "Lucia di Lammermoor," and on the following evening in "Don Giovanni." At the Olympic English opera very acceptably and to capital houses, the "Bohemian Girl," "Sonnambula," "Marta," "Fra Diavolo," etc., being among the operas already given; and the prosperous season will continue with constant changes in *répertoire*. At the Winter Garden Mr. Booth continues, playing a concluding round of his favorite characters and varying the bill every evening; while his Saturday performances are at matinees and the Saturday evenings are devoted exclusively to benefits of different members of the company. His season is rapidly drawing to a close. At Wallack's the alternation of "Henry Dunbar," the "Dangerous Game," "East Family," etc., has been broken in upon by the company benefit, in which (of comparative novelties) the "Wife's Secret" has been produced for Mr. Charles Fisher's and "Mac" and "Paces" for that of Miss Madeline Henricke. At Niblo's the "Black Crook," which still gives no sign of flagging after its run of more than half a year. At the New York Lady Don has played a supplementary week of re-engagement, appearing very acceptably as Kathleen Mavourneen, in "St. Patrick's Eve," and in Scottish ballads with *tableaux vivants*, though by no means with such patronage as she has deserved. "Kenilworth" was reproduced here, for the last evening of her engagement, which ended with Saturday evening the 23d. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have continued successful in Irish and Yankee character, at the Broadway, and entered on the last week of their engagement, Miss Maggie Mitchell succeeding them on Monday the 1st of April. Wood's Theatre (late the Thalia), not very successful in its late occupancy, was reopened on Monday evening the 25th, under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bates and with a very excellent company headed by Mr. Stuart Robson, Mr. George Becker, Mr. Wall, Mrs. Mark Smith, Mrs. Wall, etc., a peculiar sensation drama called "Oscar, the Hat-Block," being their opening card. At Barnum's "Our Tenement House" rung to excellent business, the company appearing to advantage in the east, and the Museum still retaining its supplementary character of the Menagerie. The grand annual masque of the Leidenkrans was given on Thursday evening the 21st, at the Academy of Music, brilliantly in spite of the equinoctial storm; that of the Arion follows it at the same place on Wednesday evening the 27th, and that of the Purim (Hebrew) on Thursday evening the 28th. The minor musical events, concerts, oratorios, etc., at Steinway's Hall and elsewhere, continue so numerous and at the same time so comparatively unimportant, that they literally defy notice. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have been in town during the week ending Saturday, on their way to engagements at Baltimore and Washington. All will be pleased to know that they are to give a series of performances at Irving Hall or Steinway's, under Mr. Harrison's management, during April and May; but all will be correspondingly grieved to know that they sail positively for Europe about the 1st of June and that these charming artists will therefore be no more seen in America for a long period. A rumor has been in circulation, of Manager George Wood's having sold the lease of the Broadway; the statement is entirely without foundation. The French Company at the Theatre Français are still running comedy and vaudeville, with success. Madame Ristori's closing engagement there commences during April, after which she sails for Europe.

#### ART GOSSIP.

E. Troye is, perhaps, the most successful painter of horse portraits in this country. We have lately seen a picture painted by him of the famous race-horse Kentucky, in which the animal character and spirit have been rendered with striking fidelity. Mr. Troye will soon publish a series of portraits of American race-horses, reproduced from his original pictures by the method known as oil-printing.

The sale of the Wright collection of pictures by European and American painters of renown attracted a large crowd to the Leeds Art Galleries on the evening of Monday, March 18. There were upward of one hundred and forty works in this collection, and of these all were sold with the exception of two or three, which were withdrawn for want of bids on the spot. One of these was Eastman Johnson's "Old Kentucky Home," which was put up at \$3,000. Another was Munn's "Source of the Susquehanna," put up at \$1,000. These pictures are both destined, we understand, to figure at the Paris Exhibition. Among the highest prices brought was that for which J. E. Cropsey's "Indian Summer" was knocked down, \$3,000; a picture of White Mountain scenery, by J. F. Kennett, brought \$1,300; Lentz's "Lady Godiva," an engraving from which appeared in this paper not long since, was bought for \$1,000, which was the price originally paid for it to the artist; "Lake Tealoe," by Albert Bierstadt, was set up at \$1,500, and went for \$1,800; the "Kitchen-Maid," by Moselager, of which also we gave an engraving in this paper of March 25th, brought \$345. The whole amount realized by the sale was something over \$50,000.

C. G. Rosenberg is painting a picture composed from sketches made at Long Branch, during the height of the season. The canvas is a large one, and the groups comprise a great number of figures, showing pale and tawny in the light of the moon.

Lentz has nearly finished a portrait of a lady well-known in diplomatic circles at Washington. The picture is painted in a vigorous style, as well as with much delicate finish.

Henceforth, by a new arrangement, artists exhibiting at the Academy of Design will have additional facilities afforded them for the sale of their works. During each exhibition a clerk will be in attendance, whose duty it will be to furnish visitors with every particular regarding the prices of pictures, and the addresses of the artists by whom they were painted. To cover the expenses contingent upon this, a charge of five per cent. will be made upon all sales effected.

A very popular English artist, John Phillips, B. A., died in London on the 27th of February. He was a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, where he was born in April, 1817. The history of the earlier part of his career is one of struggles, but he managed, while yet young, to elevate himself from his mechanical work as a house-painter, and to obtain in London the necessary instructions for his advancement in art. Phillips is best known by his pictures of Spanish groups, which are remarkable for excellent drawing and rich color. He lived much in Spain, where he accumulated an immense amount of material for his favorite subjects—among the results of which, his "Spanish Contrabandistas," and "A Chat round the Braseró" are, perhaps, the most popular. His death was caused by paralysis, with which he was struck while conversing with his friend, W. P. Frith, the well-known artist.

Boston Common, which has hitherto been indebted for its charms to nature rather than to art, is shortly, as we hear, to be embellished by the erection of a group of statues in marble, which has been purchased abroad by a wealthy merchant of Boston, as a free gift to the city.

The bust of the late Edward Everett, which was ordered some time since by the Everett Committee, from Ball, an American sculptor residing in Florence, is now completed, and expected, as we learn, to arrive in Boston next June. While Ball was in Boston, he was often visited in his studio by Mr. Everett, during his conversations with whom he managed so to fix the character and expression of the departed statesman in his memory, as to aid materially in producing what we understand to be an admirable likeness.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

The descendants of Anneka Jans are said to be moving definitely in the matter of their claim against Trinity Church. It seems singular that they should desire to enter the church, since the fact of this claim since its rector recently said in the papers that the church was really so poor that it could with difficulty pay its bills. Perhaps, however, the claimants for its property think they could do better with it, and such an opinion is not confined alone to them.

Mr. Alfred Ordway has been appointed Clerk of the National Academy of Design, with the special duty of taking charge of their exhibitions. It is rumored, and we hope correctly, that the Academy entertain the design of opening their exhibition free on Sunday. Such an innovation would be one of the best moves for extending a popular love and appreciation of art.

In a meeting held recently to consider the proposed establishment of an institute for a properly combined physical and scholastic education of young women, a letter was read from the Reverend Howard Crosby, in which the writer said: "I trace nine-tenths of the flippancy and falsehood of modern society to the mockery of an education which the daughters of the land receive." Considering the fact that this clergyman more than any other class are engaged in the management of the female institutes and schools, the truth of the statement is the more refreshing.

A meeting of the trustees of the money lately given by Mr. Peabody for the aid of the South, was held recently in this city, and a group composed of them and the donor was photographed by Brady.

The new savings bank building in Canal street was recently inaugurated by a costly supper. The money to pay for it was of course derived from the depositors, but it does not appear that any of them were invited to partake of the festivities.

The Board of Health have made an order concerning public vaccination, and suggest that it should be obligatory in the public schools. The suggestion is a most admirable one.

A meeting has been held in Columbia, S. C., at which both white and colored persons officiated. The meeting was opened by prayer from a colored preacher, and the first address was made by Wade Hampton, the man who was not going to surrender. The colored men made the best speeches, one of them saying that his brethren desired the enfranchisement of their white friends, while another advised the freedmen not to regard the color of a candidate, but to only ask whether he was honest.

Trade has been opened by the Pacific Steam Company between San Francisco and Yokohama, Japan. The last trip of the Colorado, the pioneer vessel of the line, brought news from China and Japan in twenty days. This is the inauguration of the direct trade of Europe with the East, by way of New York and San Francisco, and the current of travel is destined to be turned in the same direction. The star of empire is on its westward course.

##### Foreign.

Mr. France has recently showed in Parliament the modest *opérac* used in fitting railroad schemes. A line is projected which will injure the business of some wealthy established railroad. Its construction will cost, say, \$1,500,000. A meeting of the directors is held and a contract given to some contractor to build the line for \$2,500,000, and the stock is fixed at this amount. The contractor takes it all, and has it delivered to some of his friends. Then upon this stock, and the personal guarantee of the contractor, some finance company is induced to loan the holders one-half the amount, which is deposited at the credit of the company. Then the provisions of the law being fulfilled, which requires all the stock to be subscribed for and one-half the amount paid in, the company are enabled to sell debenture bonds for one-third the stock. Then by substituting other securities for the stock in the hands of the parties who have advanced on it, a portion of the stock is sold as preferred stock, at the best prices obtainable, and when these operations are exhausted, the line itself can be sold to the road whose interests it injures. Such a history may give a new idea even to some of our own financiers.

Sir R. P. Collier has been appealed to for an opinion as to whether an English merchant, who is sued by the U. S. Government for debt may not set off against such a claim the possession of Confederate bonds, and says, "this counter claim will be founded on the principle that if the U. S. Government assert in our courts claims according to them through their succession to the property of the late Confederate Government they are bound by the liabilities of that government." It may be necessary, he says, further to appeal to a court of equity, and in that case the claim will be strengthened by the fact that the United States possessed themselves of cotton set apart for the payment of those bonds. The holders of Fenian securities should, therefore, be careful not to light their pipes with them.

A book has recently been published in England with the title, "Song of Songs; a Hebrew Pastoral Drama, not by Solomon." It is a metric translation of the Song of Songs, adapted to music, and arranged as a drama, upon the principle recognized since Jacob announced it in the last century, that this poem, instead of being written by Solomon, is rather a satire upon him, being a drama, the moral of which is to represent the triumph of true love against the temptations of wealth and power. The same theory forms the basis of a work by Renan upon the same subject, and

adds fresh interest to this part of the Bible, as one of the oldest dramas known.

A society has recently been formed in London by the dealers convicted of slight weight, with the title, "Short Weights and Measure Conservative Defense Company." They say in their prospectus that a malevolent inspector can pervert a pair of scales, and make them do what he wants; that the earthenware in the bottom of the butter scales imbibes moisture from being used, and must, at the end of the day, cheat the customer; that "a fine of five pounds is hard to bear, but a damaged reputation and an injured business are still greater crosses in this vale of sorrows," and that hence the "Short Weights and Measure Conservative Defense Company." The word "conservative" is delicious in this context.

Mutton is getting dearer in England than beef. The English papers are interested in the matter, and cry, despairingly, "revenue & nos mouons!"

At the sale of Sir C. Rugeley's library, a copy of Spence's "Anecdotes of Pope," illustrated, brought £121; while, at a sale of prints, the finest copy known of Rembrandt's hundred guilder etching brought £1,180.

It is proposed to send from England to the Great Exposition of Paris a British dragon and a foot soldier, in full panoply of stock, helmet, padding, and the other wonderful warlike accoutrements the system of red-tape makes them wear. As a supplementary addition, it is also proposed to join with this lot specimens of the cat-o'-nine-tails, with the official stamp of the war-office, in order to show the motive power which propels these mighty engines of war.

A crop of new papers are expected in Paris as the immediate result of the new press law. Among them will be one by M. Veillot, who intends either to revive the *Univers*, or take hold of the *Monde*, which arose originally from the ruins of the *Univers*. The wits suggest that a single world can hardly contain a man who has already shattered a universe.

The Oretan insurrection still continues; and though our accounts differ, yet the main result seems to be that they have not yet been overpowered.

#### "JEEMS PIPES" DRIFTING.

LONDON, February 22, 1867.  
11 Air street, Regent's street.

MY DEAR F. L.—In the "Garlick Club," yesterday, I saw a file of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and the New York Herald. Why are not all the New York dailies there? And now for a little rambling chat with you and your million readers. Shall I commence with the birth of a Princess? Well, so be it. At John Mitchell's, in Old Bond street, posters announced the fact, and the Park and Tower guns bellowed forth their congratulations—and they may frightened the baby out of her seven senses. The Queen opened the Houses of Parliament, the other day, with the usual pomp and ceremony—including the rain—the 33d of hers; she still seems disinclined to go "into society"—she loves "Balmoral" and the peace and quiet of a country life. You remember a "Doctor Mary Walker" who arrived here from America some months—or years—ago? Well, she lectured here last night at St. James's Hall, and a disgraceful scene occurred. The *Star* says: "The announcement that Dr. Mary Walker would deliver a lecture on her 'Capture, and four months captivity with the Confederates,' drew a large and fashionable assembly at St. James's Hall. The occupants of the sofa stalls, unreserved seats and balcony, were chiefly of the gentler sex, and in the former were several families of distinction. In the absence of the Marquis of Townsend, the chair was taken by a clergyman. Previous to the appearance of the fair lecturer upon the platform, there was no indication that either she or the audience would be subjected to the interruption and annoyance which marked the occasion of her first public appearance in London." I was informed by a gentleman, yesterday, that Mr. Morgan, the partner of Mr. George Peabody, had, the day before, telegraphed to San Francisco, and that in twenty-four hours he had a reply! Was not that quick work? The "Great" Reform Demonstration didn't amount to much—perhaps 20,000 persons paraded the streets; all was orderly and peaceful. I am not much on politics—I leave that subject to the distinguished correspondents of the *Tribune* and *Times*. I can just remember the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, but whether the people or the country are any nearer "Reformation" now than then, or what they were in the days of "Martin Luther," I know not.

I saw by *Watson's New York Art Journal*, the other day, that Madame Anna Bishop was in China, and had realized \$500 by two concerts. Her friends here were delighted to hear it. The Great Eastern takes out 3,000 passengers to New York, and will bring back as many more for the Paris Exhibition. I am told that the prices for rooms, etc., are to be raised one or two hundred per cent., in view of the great rush in May; so if any one that intends to go should read these lines, let them take their passages at once. Miss Laura Harris has made an immense hit in Paris and Madrid; money had to be turned away, and she bids fair to prove a formidable rival of the diva "Patti"—she is engaged for three years. I have seen the *Sus* just for five minutes since my arrival. Dark, dingy, gloomy London! yet there is a certain fascination about it: old St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, St. Martin's Church, St. George's, etc., etc., are covered with the same black pall of smoke, and Temple Bar, with its three hundred years' thick coating of soot and smoke, looks blacker and dingier than ever. "Punch and Judy" prevail at intervals; baked-later men and hot-pie men, ditto; "savoyards" and penny "sausage-rolls" greet you in the cook-shop windows; and "William's" boiled beef-shop, in the Old Bailey "still lives"; the drinking-shops all close at one at night, except Saturday, when they do so at twelve; on Sundays it is impossible to get anything to eat or to drink, except after morning and evening service. The theatres, concert-halls—all seem to be flourishing. The Alhambra, in Leicester square, is crowded nightly at two shillings and one shilling—the average receipts are £300 to £400; the Casino, a very elegant place in Holborn, is also crowded. There are "Forty Thieves" congregated nightly at Covent Garden Theatre, but who happily only steal the hearts of the gay Lotharios who crowd the house to pay homage to these forty ladies, who represent the thieves of the famed "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." It is not generally known that the largest, handsomest, and most substantially-built theatre is the Britannia, at Hoxton. The great star here is Miss Esther Jacobs, whose superb figure and beautiful voice attracts crowded audiences nightly. Miss Millie Palmer is a great pet at the Olympic; she is really beautiful, and could she be induced to come to New York, would make a sensation. She has one of the most musical voices imaginable, and a most fascinating and winning manner. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews are the stars at this establishment. "London Assurance" is running here successfully. Charles Mathews is a wonderful man—light, jolly, fresh and still youthful, although past sixty. The handsome Lizzie W. Davenport that was, is as lovely as ever, and a great favorite here. Buckstone, Sothorn, Chippendale (who has married a young and blooming bride) all perform at the Haymarket, and are great

favorites. Mr. Revere (Mad. Bishop's brother) leads the orchestra at Her Majesty's Theatre, and J. R. Thomas's ballad, "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" is played at many of the concert saloons nightly. Charles Keen and Mrs. Keen are in Ireland, making money; and Macready, now seventy-six years old, some years ago married a young woman, by whom he has several children. The Rev. Mr. Bellow, brother I am told to your Frank Bellow, is the fashion just now as a reader and preacher, the ladies sending him "smoking-caps," "slippers," &c. Dickens's brother, Frederick, is coming to America to read his brother's works. He will, doubtless, have a kind reception. Copies of the print of the yacht "Henrietta" all the windows here, and the offer of the vessel to Prince Alfred created a "sensation." Young Jim Bennett left, covered all over with glory and renown. Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie is here, and engaged I believe in corresponding for some New York paper. She is publishing a new novel. Captain Mayne Reid gave a Reading the other night at Hanover Square Rooms to a small but appreciative audience. His books are great favorites with the youths and misses of this country, and have I believe a large circulation in America. To get to the mail in time I send this off thus abruptly.

JEEMS PIPES, Pipeville.

#### HON. THADDEUS STEVENS.

We present the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER with a very accurate portrait of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, now confessedly the great commoner of the American Republic.

Thaddeus Stevens was born in Danville, Vermont, April 4, 1792. About April, 1810, his parents moved to Peacham, Vermont, to give the advantages of academic training to their four boys, Joshua, who died within a few years in Indianapolis; Thaddeus; Morrill, who settled and died in St. Johnsbury, and Alanson, who died at Peacham.

Thaddeus prepared for College at Peacham Academy, and entered the junior class of Vermont University at Burlington, in August, 1812. He remained one year, and entered the senior class at Dartmouth in 1813, and graduated in 1814. He at once began the study of the law with Hon. William Mattocks, at Danville, but in February, 1815, took charge of an academy in the town of York, Pennsylvania, for one year. He pursued his legal studies while teaching, and was admitted to the bar in August, 1816, and immediately removed to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and opened a law office. He became speedily engaged in a large practice, and eventually in political affairs, and from that period to the present he has been more or less actively concerned in them.

He was a member from Adams County in the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1833, 1834, 1835, 1837 and 1841, and was largely identified with the legislation of the period. He gave much of his energy to the projection and completion of a System of Internal Improvement, and had the honor of founding the Common School system of his adopted State. His speeches on this question have been preserved, and are remembered by those conversant with the history of that struggle as the controlling power which overcame all obstacles, and permanently established schools everywhere, under the direct patronage of the Commonwealth.

In 1836 he served as a member of the Reform Convention, which revised the Constitution of the State. The debates abound with proofs of his activity and influence, as well as of the enlarged and sagacious views which have marked his political career. The Convention, by a close vote, inserted the word "white" in the Constitution, and Mr. Stevens declined to sign the instrument upon its final enrollment. He has lived to see his views triumphant throughout the country, and their wisdom vindicated.

In 1838 he was appointed Canal Commissioner by Governor Ritner. In 1842 he removed to Lancaster, Penn., as affording a wider field for professional practice. In 1848 he was elected to represent Lancaster County in the 31st Congress. He was elected also to the 32d, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th and 40th Congress. During his Congressional service he has been upon the Judiciary Committee, Military Affairs, Ways and Means, and Appropriations, besides serving as Chairman of the Pacific Railroad Committee, of Committee on Postal Railroad to New York, and of the Committee on Reconstruction. While serving upon Ways and Means, and Appropriations, he has been "the leader of the House," and has presented his views on public affairs with frequency, clearness, boldness and eloquence. Prior to the war, his best known speeches in Congress were on the Tariff, the Admission of California, and the Extension of Slavery into the Territories. Since the war, he has spoken on every phase of policy presented, always occupying advanced ground—instituting upon the duty of suppressing the rebellion, and since its suppression of so settling it as to break for ever the power of the men who made it. Hence, he favored emancipation from the moment the struggle began, and has been a controlling spirit in molding legislation. He favored confiscation of the landed estates of the rebel leaders, and appropriating the proceeds to increase pensions, pay damages of the war, and reduce the national debt. As Chairman of the Reconstruction Committee in the 39th Congress, and the leader in the controversy between Congress and the President, he has said and done many things which it is impossible here to state, and which "history will not willingly let die."

#### The Riot in Grand Street on St. Patrick's Day.

Our illustration shows the scene of the disgraceful riot on St. Patrick's Day. While there is no possible justification for the treatment of the police by the rioters, yet it appears from the statements of some eye witnesses that the police were injudicious in their too prompt use of their clubs. It appears that the riot commenced in Grand street, at the corner of Pitt. A truckman trying to cross the street, became hemmed in by the procession, and unable either to advance or retreat. While standing quiet in his bewilderment, he was attacked by some members of a Brooklyn Irish Society, who beat him unmercifully. In fact, the poor man has not been heard of since. A policeman standing near, went to his assistance, but was himself attacked and overpowered. Others of his class who hastened to render him assistance were also overpowered, until nearly twenty of them were left disabled. Some of the marshals, mounted on horseback, were noticed in the affray for the desperate way in which they used their swords. If it is a fact that the Irish are so incapable of self-control that they cannot be trusted to march in procession without disgracing the city by such scenes as this, it will be necessary to stop all such celebrations in the future. It appears that it was almost accidental that the riot stopped where it did, while in Brooklyn, on the same day, a similar scene at one time seemed most imminent. The memory of the riots of 1843 is not so effaced that the actors in such scenes can hope to escape with entire impunity.



## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



OPENING OF THE CORPS LEGISLATIF, PARIS, FRANCE.

**Opening of the Corps Legislatif, Paris, France.**

The opening of the Chambers took place on February 14th, 1867, in the state halls of the Louvre by Napoleon

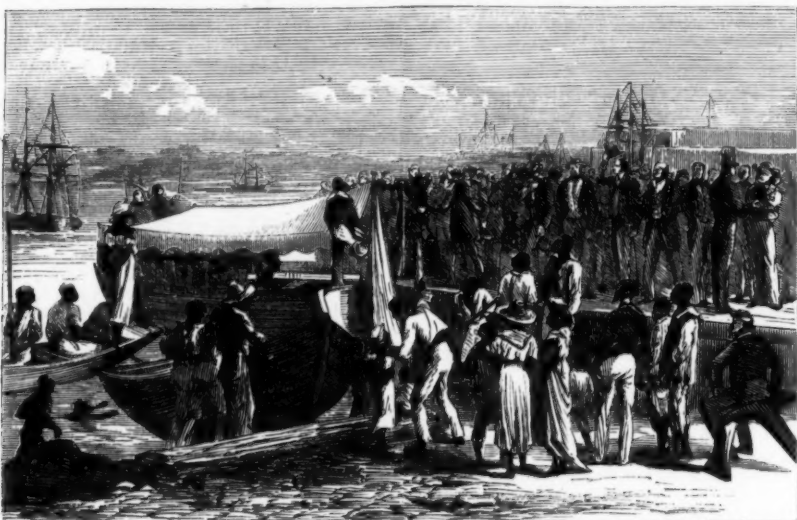
editing secretaries and the reporters upon the right and left. The deputy in the tribune is M. Glais-Bezoiz, who spoke first. It is said by the wits that the Corps Legislatif is so named because it does not legislate.



DWELLINGS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES, PEABODY SQUARE, SHADWELL, LONDON.

Governor, appointed in France, and a local council of thirty members. After having passed several times from the power of France to England and back again, it came finally under the French rule in 1814.

a platform of four steps, and surmounted with a gilded eagle, having his wings spread. Upon the northern side of the base is the following inscription in French, "August 15, 1866. This monument was erected by the order

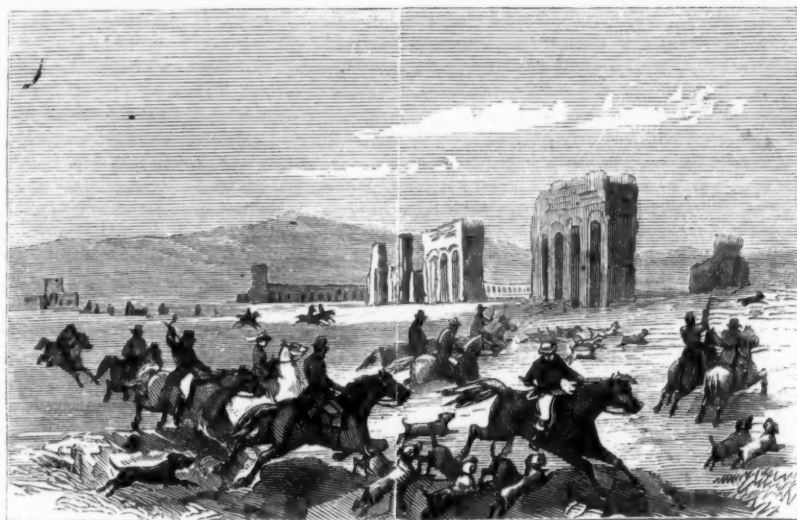


EMBARKATION OF COUNT LAPELIN, THE GOVERNOR OF MARTINIQUE, WEST INDIES, FOR FRANCE.

III. The next day the Senate and the Corps Legislatif met in their respective halls and organized. The re-establishment of the tribune attracted public attention to this meeting. This illustration represents the ac-

**Embarkation of the Count Lapelin, the Governor of Martinique.**

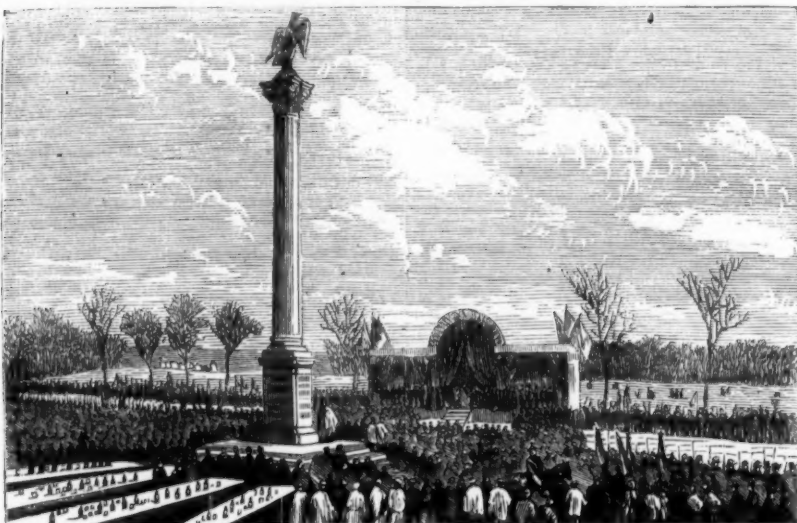
This illustration represents the departure from Martinique of Count Lapelin, the Governor, whose devotion



FOX-CHASE IN THE CAMPAGNA, NEAR ROME, ITALY.

**Inauguration of a Column Commemorative of the Battle of Montmirail, France.** On the 11th of February this column was inaugurated at Montmirail, a little town in France, which was the

of the Emperor Napoleon III. It was upon this spot that Napoleon I. commanded his army, the 11th of February, 1814." Upon the southern side is: "February 11th, 1814. Montmirail, Marchais." On the east: "February



INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT COMMEMORATING THE BATTLE OF MONTMIRAIL, FRANCE.

tual condition of the Chamber on the 16th. The Count Walewski is in the president's chair, on his left M. Valette, the Secretary of the Corps, and on the right the Secretaries of the Deputies. Below the tribune are the

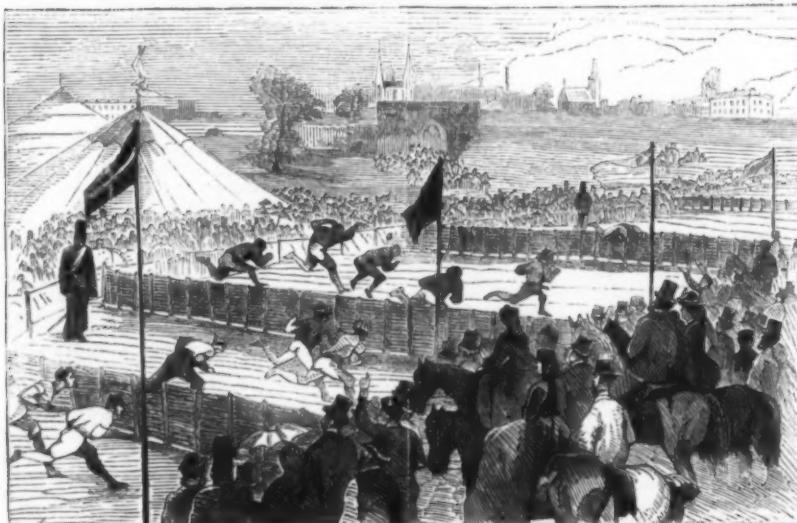
to the public interests of the colony and affability in his private relations endeared him to all classes of the population. Martinique is the most important of the French West Indian islands, and is under the rule of a



CIRCULAR STREET, PEKIN, CHINA.

field of one of the first Napoleon's victories over the allies in 1814. The monument is erected upon the spot where the Emperor stood during the engagement. It is a Corinthian column of white marble, standing upon

10, Champsauvert. February 14, Fauxchamp." Upon the western side: "Les Quaquerets, Neale, Chateau-Thierry." The monument was erected by a national subscription. The ceremony of inauguration was made

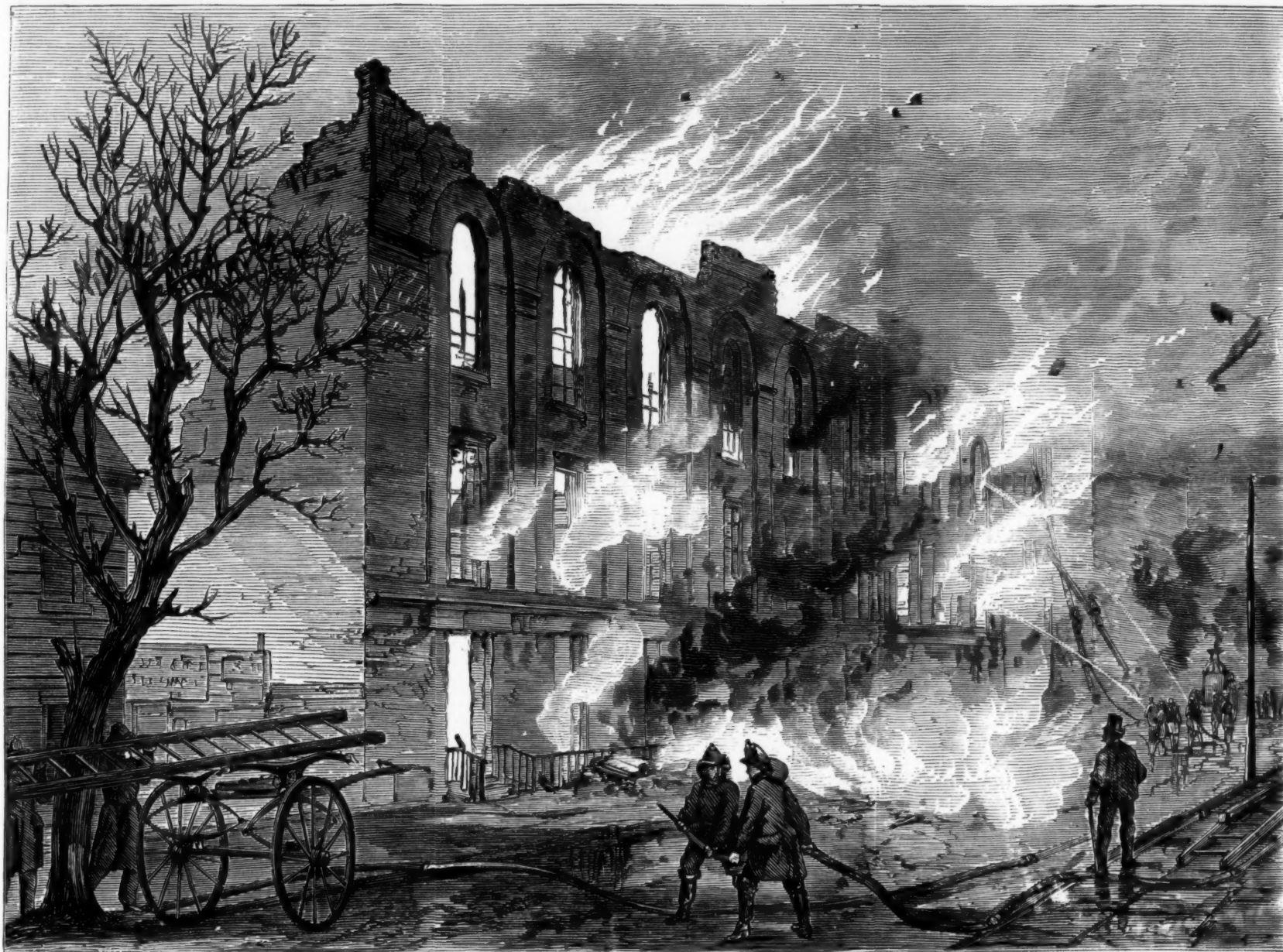


SPORTS OF THE CADETS OF THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE, WOOLWICH, NEAR LONDON.



RACE BETWEEN THE OFFICERS OF THE SOUTHERN CORPS OF THE FRENCH ARMY, AT LAGHOUAT, AFRICA.





THE RUINS OF THE WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY, DESTROYED BY FIRE ON SATURDAY, MARCH 23—VIEW ON MERCER STREET.

the occasion of a festival by the inhabitants of the town and surrounding country, and the monument itself is another of the shrewd attempts made by the Emperor to identify his own fame and that of his family with the national love of military glory.

#### Games of the Cadets in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, near London.

These games attract a great many fashionable visitors from London. They are played upon the lawn in front of the Academy. The prizes offered are of considerable value, and the games embraced cricket, running, leaping, etc. Prince Arthur was present on the last occasion and distributed the prizes.

#### Dwellings for the Working-classes—Peabody Square, Shadwell, London.

These buildings are the third set which have been built in London from the quarter of a million of pounds given by Mr. Peabody into the hands of trustees for the purpose of affording better accommodations, at cheaper rents, to the poor. The second of these buildings was opened to the public in 1866, and consists of four blocks of buildings, five stories in height, situated in Essex road, on the ground formerly called Ward's place, Lower road, and comprising 240 separate tenements of one, two, or three rooms, with baths and laundries, ample supplies of water and gaslight, shafts for the removal of refuse, and perfect drainage and ventilation, at rents of 2s. 6d., 4s., or 5s. a week. In Commercial street, Spitalfields, is a similar set of dwellings, opened in 1864. This is a view of Peabody-square, Shadwell, which has been recently completed. The arrangement of the four buildings which here form the square is similar to that adopted at Islington. The height, however, is greater, as here there are five stories of dwellings and an attic or laundry; whereas at Islington there are only four stories of dwellings and an attic. Each building is 135 feet long by 32 feet wide, and contains forty-four tenements of two rooms and sixteen tenements of one room, which will be let at rents varying from 4s. to 2s. per week. The wash-houses and baths on the attic floor are distributed in a manner somewhat different from that hitherto adopted, so as to afford greater accommodation to the tenant without any sacrifice of space. The buildings are situated at the east end of a large plot of ground, which is bounded by Love lane, High street, Elm row, and Sun Tavern Gap. As the two latter approaches are mean and inconvenient, the local Board of Works contemplate considerable improvements in the neighborhood, by which the buildings will be rendered more accessible from High street, which is the principal thoroughfare of the district. The dimensions of the rooms, the water supply and drainage, are similar in all essential particulars to those already carried out in the buildings at Islington.

#### Fox-Chase in the Campagna, round Rome, Italy.

This winter amusement of the residents and strangers at Rome was founded by Lord Chesterfield in 1846, by the creation of a club, numbering one hundred members. This society having been dissolved, was afterward re-established under the presidency of the Prince of Odescahchi, but he having in one of the hunts received a severe fall, the Roman princesses, fearing for the safety of their husbands and brothers, influenced the Pope Pius IX. to issue an edict forbidding fox-chasing

forever. In 1864, however, the Prince Doria succeeded in obtaining the Papal authority for the reorganization of the club, and formed the association, one of whose days of sport our illustration represents. The fees of the club are one hundred and fifty francs a year. It owns fifty pure blooded hounds, and appears to be in a flourishing condition. Some of the ladies of the nobility take part in its sports, riding boldly in the front rank, and shrinking from no leap. This illustration represents a day's sport at Tavolara, a portion of the Campagna filled with ruins and tombs.

#### The Circular Street at Pekin, China.

This excellent representation of a street in Pekin is taken from a water-color by M. Hildebrandt, who has traveled all over the world, and brought home with him to Europe a collection which he is now exhibiting in London.

#### Races at Laghouat, Algiers, Africa, by the French Officers of the Column Stationed There.

The southern column of the French army near Laghouat has made almost a city of their encampment, which contains ten thousand men and five hundred horses. Every Sunday the troops are exercised in gymnastic games, and every month there are races, in which the natives participate. This illustration represents one of these occasions, at which a captain was thrown and somewhat badly injured.

#### The Ruins of the Winter Garden Theatre, Destroyed by Fire.

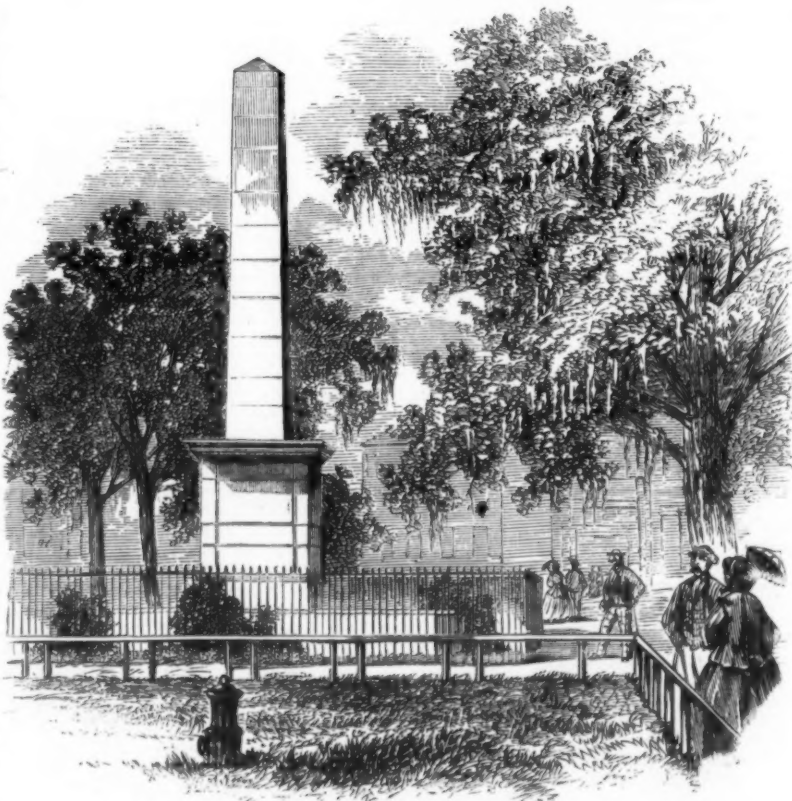
This is the second time that fire has destroyed the buildings upon this piece of property. It will be

remembered that Tripler Hall, which was to be inaugurated by Jenny Lind's first appearance in this country, occupied the site of the Winter Garden Theatre, and was burnt by fire shortly after it was completed. The Winter Garden Theatre has become famous as the scene of Mr. Booth's successes in the revival of Shakespeare's plays, and its destruction will be a source of regret to a large and influential class of theatre-goers. Mr. Stuart, the enterprising manager, will receive the warm sympathies of his numerous friends, but will, it is hoped, be enabled soon to again delight the lovers of the legitimate drama by his careful and accurate management. The fire broke out on the morning of the 23d of March, and not only destroyed the theatre, but injured the Southern hotel, which stood between it and Broadway. The frequency and destructiveness of fires on Broadway is a most serious and alarming matter for the public as well as for the insurance companies.

#### The Monument to General Nathaniel Greene, in Savannah, Georgia.

This monument is in Johnson Park, Bull street, Savannah, Georgia. Its cornerstone was laid with Masonic ceremonies by General Lafayette in the year 1826, while Lafayette was on a visit to this country. It was at first intended to commemorate with this monument the memories of both Greene and Pulaski; but this design was afterward changed, and a separate monument erected to Pulaski. General Greene was born in Rhode Island, of Quaker parents, but was formally excommunicated from this sect for openly renouncing their principles by engaging in the military exercises, which prepared the people of this country for resistance to England. His services during the Revolution were such as won for him the gratitude of the entire country. Congress presented him with a medal, and North and South Carolina made him grants of lands. He died of a sun-stroke, at Mulberry Grove, on the Savannah river. A monument was voted to him by Congress, but never erected, and all traces of his actual burial-place are said to be lost. It was somewhat to remove this seeming want of remembrance that Savannah erected this shaft. General Greene left at his death five children, and an estate which was seriously embarrassed by the efforts he made in 1783 to feed and clothe his army.

**PARHAM PARK.**—Parham Park in Sussex, England, is the seat of the Curzons, and famous for the literary treasures it contains. Among them is that Florio "Montaigne" which has "W. Shakespeare" written at its beginning. The question is, Who wrote it? There are also many rare old Greek, Coptic, and Syriac MSS., collected in adventurous travel by the author of the "Monastories of the Levant." Who has not read that charming book—unaffected, humorous, full of freshness—worth a dozen of "Eothen"? How gallantly that lover of literature and enterprise scaled inaccessible monasteries in search of those treasures with which he enriched both the British Museum and his own pleasant dwelling! How gayly he tells his adventurous story! Mr. Curzon is my fair ideal of a traveler. Few English houses contain so choice a collection as Parham. A pig of Roman lead from Pulborough, with the legend "Te trpvibrezarg;" an ark of Egyptian sycamore from Thebes, of the time of Amunoph I.; the pen-case of Henry VI.; a portrait of the lady of whom Byron wrote, "She walks in beauty like the night," with the autograph copy of those verses; a shield of that Courtney, Earl of Devon, who made the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth jealous of each other, and had determination enough to refuse to marry a queen of England—these are a few of the marvels of Parham, taken at random.



MONUMENT TO GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE, IN JOHNSON PARK, BULL STREET, SAVANNAH, GA. FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.



## MACDALEN.

BY EREN R. BEXFORD.

Lift her up, men, from her slumber,  
Lift her up gently, I pray;  
Once she was stainless and lovely,  
Sinless, and fair as the day!  
But in the ways of the erring  
Early her footsteps were led,  
And her life's pathway was downward,  
Now she's at rest with the dead.

Turn the white face to the sunlight—  
Ah! what cold beauty is there!  
Cold as a statue in marble,  
White, and exquisitely fair!  
Who, if they looked at the features,  
Hiding the darkness within,  
Oh! who could think of such beauty,  
Linked to such hideous sin?

Smooth back the hair from her forehead,  
Yellow and shining as gold;  
See! through its soft, silken meshes,  
Sunshine wove in with each fold!  
Somewhere I have seen, I remember,  
A face that was strangely like this!  
Ah! I know now—one sweet summer,  
Sweet with delicious bliss!

Now when I look back toward it—  
That sweetest summer of life—  
How my heart stirs with emotion!  
Tears and my pride are at strife.  
She, that I knew as sinless,  
Pure, and as good as a child,  
Is this her life-wreck before me,  
Sio-tarnished, scorned and defiled?

Oh! what a story of sorrow  
Clings to this wreck of a soul—  
Trial, temptation and struggles  
'Gainst fate too stern for control!  
Is there a mist o'er the morning?  
Somehow my sight has grown dim,  
While I have looked on this pale face,  
Sad as a burial-hymn!

Cover the face from the sunlight—  
Hide her away from the day;  
God, in His merciful pity,  
Grant her His pardon, I pray!  
Great was her sin and her error—  
God has more pity than men,  
He can forgive all the sinning  
Of even a poor Magdalen.

## Aunt Ransom's Story.

ONE cool, clear afternoon of November, two ladies sat beside a blazing grate fire. The room was a cozy sitting-room, with every indication of refined taste in its furnishing. There was no heterogeneous tumbling together of colors, but the tints of walls, carpets, curtains, chairs, sofas, were most harmoniously blended. The prevailing tint was a soft green, relieved by the rich brown of oiled black-walnut. Several portraits hung upon the walls, upon one of which the attention of the ladies was fixed.

The younger lady was half buried in a huge Turkish easy-chair, with the Afghan she was crocheting lying carelessly in her lap. The elder was a fine-looking woman, maybe fifty, maybe older. Her figure was erect, noble, her face that of a Roman matron. She sat bolt upright, her fingers busily plying the knitting-needle, while over faces, walls and pictures, the flashes of the "fifal firelight" played with the shadows of the coming evening.

"How lovely she must have been, aunt," exclaimed the little lady from the depths of the Turkish chair.

"Yes, Annie, she was a peerless creature. I have lived many years, seen much of society, traveled much, but never yet saw her equal. Perhaps my eyes were partial; perhaps my ideas of female beauty are peculiar. Faces that are only beautiful in outline and coloring have little claim upon my admiration. But such was not your mother's. The broad, low, white brow; the earnest hazel eyes; the straight nose, with its delicately curved nostril; the crimson lips, so exquisitely cut; the Grecian head, its wavy masses of glossy dark hair gathered always in that classic knot so beautiful where it is becoming; the gracefully rounded figure, formed a *tout ensemble* once seen never to be forgotten. But it was the wonderful play of expression that made Ella's face incomparable. It was not in eyes alone, but in nostril and lip, in the ever changing color of the cheek. Every feeling was depicted in her countenance as unmistakably as are our forms in yonder mirror. Her soul shone through her features as plainly as a light through a window; and hers was a soul full of all that was beautiful, noble, pure and good. I used to amuse myself by reading her thoughts in her face, and she would laughingly say she believed I was a witch; but it needed not witchcraft to divine her thoughts."

"Aunt, do tell me about mother's love affairs. Sister Lizzie and I have surmised from some little reminiscences that mother was not so happy in her first marriage as she was after. Now, Aunt Ransom, if you know anything about it, pray tell me."

"Well, Annie, I suppose I do know all about it, and now that poor Ella and Charles are both dead, I need not hesitate to tell Ella's daughter:

You know that your mother and I were more than sisters to each other. Our intimacy commenced in childhood, and continued till her death. I believe every genuine woman has an unquenchable longing for love and sympathy, and she generally has to seek for the sympathy in those of her own sex. Husbands and lovers are unfitted by nature for sympathy with a woman's trials.

They only recognize as ills those they themselves experience; the rest pass for "whims" and "fancies;" so most of us resort to some feminine heart for that comfort and sympathy which God made so necessary to us. Some few are sufficiently self-poised to exist without it; fewer, still, have husbands, who can be both lover and bosom friend. I was such a friend to your mother, and she to me. We took counsel together over all that interested us from childhood, till she married your father.

She was very young when she met him—only fourteen, I believe. He was twenty-three; a handsome, dashing fellow, with a mass of curling black hair tossing about his head, full of life and frolic, quick at repartee, setting all the girls by the ears wherever he went. She did not see him again in four years, and during all those years she hid his image in her heart, and graced it with all she deemed noblest in man, till she had transformed him into a hero; no one could have guessed the relationship between this mythical being she called Frank Allen and that gentleman himself. She was quite indifferent to all her admirers—and their name was legion—never gave a thought to one of them beyond partnership in a dance. I had never seen him all this while. She was visiting a friend at a distance when she met him, and I only had her glowing description to aid me in forming an estimate of him.

One evening, when I was visiting her, a mutual friend called, and introduced to us—Frank Allen! He was evidently much impressed by the wonders wrought upon her by the four years, and she, I saw, was not disenchanted by the personal presence of the man she had so glorified.

I had a good deal of skill in reading faces even in those days, and I was distressed to see dear Ella, with her highly-wrought nature and delicate sensibilities, falling into the power of a nature so coarse and material as was his. I knew they could never blend, any more than oil and water. Forgive me, Annie, if I speak harsh truths of your father. If I tell my story, I must speak them. He was a matter-of-fact being, with an immense amount of self-sufficiency, without delicacy or sensibility. All this was glossed over by a handsome face and figure, a well-bred gracefulness of carriage, and a considerable of what I call society brilliancy, a sort of sparkling play of wit and humor, which is very apt to dazzle and blind. What could he do but fall in love with her, whom all others sought in vain? And he could appreciate her physical beauty, and charm of manner, and marvel at that about her which he could not comprehend. He loved her as well as he could; she was blindly infatuated, and loved something, she thought it was he, with all the intensity of her being. Her friends helped on the cause by ill-timed and unreasonable opposition, and made her madder than ever. As for me, I tried to open her eyes, but I found the only result would be the loss of a dear friend.

An irresistible fate was upon her. God ordains such events, alas, how often! to try and discipline his children. He adapts the trial to the individual nature, and gives us the chastening rod in that form which we feel most keenly. We all need the painful process of purification, and Ella—she was proud, willful and quick-tempered. She married at nineteen, and became Mrs. Allen, the wife of an enterprising young lawyer. She removed from Boston to Philadelphia, and we were permanently separated—but we kept up a regular correspondence.

I noticed that Ella's letters seemed as if written under a cloud—that she seemed to have lost her interest in things that used most to interest her. Music, painting, even reading, were evidently neglected now. Other women pursued a similar course, but these things seemed to me as essential to Ella's existence as her bread and butter. That she was unhappy I was sure; not that she ever hinted at such a thing; but there was an undertone of sadness in her letters, despite the too evident struggle to put the happiest face on her life. I could only conjecture the situation.

Year after year of separation came and went. One summer she wrote me that she was to spend the season, with her two children, in the quiet village of C—, and besought me to spend it with her. There were ample and comfortable accommodations for us both—and it was a very nice, quiet boarding-place, with charming drives and walks in every direction, and very convenient for sea-bathing. It so happened that my husband was obliged to go abroad, so we rented our country-house, shut up our city home, and I prepared to spend three months under the same roof with Ella. Mr. Allen seldom found it convenient to visit us oftener than once a week, for he was devoted to his profession. It seemed like old times revived to Ella and me. We walked, talked and rode together; together we read, sung and sketched. She was as lovely as ever, less brilliant, but more dignified and queenly.

One day, as we walked, she exclaimed:

"I declare I am tired of this life! It's made up of disappointment and vexation of spirit, and it is so peculiarly unsatisfactory to a woman. Here am I; had I been a man, I would have been an artist or a writer. I feel inspiration enough within me to have made me respectable in either profession; but I am a woman in moderate circumstances, a wife and a mother, and it is expected that I should devote myself, body and soul, to household affairs. Now I have very little ability in that direction—I have not the genius for a model housekeeper. The proper management of servants—and such servants as we unfortunate American women do have!—is beyond my powers, and I have very little interest in sewing on buttons and darning stockings, or even in fussing over babies' dresses and petticoats. These things have charms for many, but they transform me into a mere drudge. Yet these are the duties of my position according to Frank, and I must submit to his views to keep the peace, though I have glimpses of a millennial revolution in domestic matters that would be much happier for all concerned."

I have no sympathy in my love for literature and the fine arts; Frank has no taste for either: and so I feel as if Ella Howard was buried, and Ella Allen is a mystery even to me, a dull, spiritless thing, full of impossible or impracticable longings, and crushed under a mass of duties and petty cares that are out of place on her shoulders. How much of trial God sends to us, Julia, in the form of non-adaptation of nature and of circumstances!"

"That is too true, Ella, but why cannot some men bring their common sense to bear upon such matters as well as others? Now, my Ned takes it as a matter of course that I must read and practice, just as much as that he must go to his office, and so I must and will. I suppose, even if I were in your place, Ella, that I would persist in the determination to keep up my mental culture, notwithstanding my husband's cold-water treatment. I'm not so easily chilled as you, my dear. When I'm sure I'm right, I'm pretty likely to 'go ahead,' and let those grumble that will."

Much more was said, but conversations are not easily recalled, and this is enough to show the state of the case. It was just as I had foreseen. There is no telling, Annie, how many women go to their graves from heart and soul-starvation. I tell you I would rather, a thousandfold, lay a daughter in her coffin than have her pass the life of suffering that follows an ill-assorted match. Why cannot young people let their hearts follow the lead of their heads? There may be men that suffer from similar causes, but they have the Lethæan excitements of business-life to drown misery, and a thousand alleviations, that, even supposing them just as capable of heart-suffering as we, preclude the possibility of such experience.

One day, sitting in a retired nook near the shore, Ella sketching, I talking to her, we were surprised by the sudden appearance of a lady and gentleman. The resemblance was strong between the two. There was the same wavy sunny hair, transparent complexion and blue eyes, but his eyes were of a deeper shade than hers, with more of fire in them, just as well adapted to blaze under sufficient provocation as they were to beam warm admiration as they rested on Ella's face. Hers were of a softer hue and milder expression. The features of both were regular; his lips were shaded by a brown mustache, very gracefully trained; he was, with his hair thrown carelessly back from his fine forehead and veined temples, just one's ideal of an artist. He had his sketch-box, and had evidently come for the purpose of putting a picturesque old tree near us on canvas. Very naturally we exchanged comments on the beauties of the place, and by-and-by Ella and the gentleman began comparison of ideas about pictures. He had traveled much and studied his art abroad as well as at home. It transpired, in course of conversation, that he was a Mr. Charles Fischer, of whom we had heard, and the lady was Mrs. Somerville, his sister. He was wealthy by inheritance, and an artist for the love of it. They were rusticating in C—, as we were. When we parted, Mrs. Somerville cordially invited us to visit her brother's studio, an invitation which he endorsed, and we accepted, promising to call soon.

In the course of a week or two we rode up to Mrs. Somerville's elegant country-seat. We found her at home, but her brother absent. We enjoyed the examination of sketches and pictures exceedingly. Many of the former were charming transcripts of bits of scenery made familiar to us by our rambles. There were a few excellent copies of fine old pictures; one of Claude's glorious *Sunsets*, a Madonna of Raphael, and others. An original picture of a female head especially attracted us. He had painted it, his sister said, years ago, in Italy, and embodied in it his own ideal of womanly beauty, together with the unsatisfied yearnings of a true woman's heart, after having experienced the bitter disappointments that life almost invariably brings her.

"And, excuse me, Mrs. Allen," she added, "the face and head are remarkably like yours; is it not so, Mrs. Ransom?"

I could not say nay, and that very expression of a hungry, longing soul, I had often seen it in Ella's eyes.

Returning to the drawing-room, Mrs. Somerville said she had heard of Mrs. Allen's wonderful charms of voice and touch, and begged that she would try them with her new Steinway piano. Ella accepted the invitation, and was soon oblivious of everything save the songs she sung. She sang and played like one inspired—her whole soul seemed to translate itself into music. I know not if Mrs. Somerville interpreted it as I did; but certain it is she was thoroughly charmed.

Was it strange that we should be unconscious when the door opened and a third figure stood spell-bound among us? When we discovered his presence, Mr. Fischer shook his head to prevent our speaking. He stood there, with an eager soul looking out at his eyes, his tall, graceful figure leaning forward to catch every note, and a pleased surprise on every feature.

At last Ella turned herself suddenly about on the piano-stool, her countenance illuminated with feeling, and was face to face with Charles Fischer. Something like an electric shock passed over them both. I saw it, and I felt much more. I believe I was permitted a prophetic glance into the future at that moment, for a wild fancy flashed over me that was verified by the coming years. But at the time I cast it aside as some stupid vagary of the brain. Still I could not help wishing with my whole heart that Charles Fischer and Ella Allen could have been brought together ten years earlier. My womanly instinct detected a sympathy of soul between them that rendered them counterparts, if counterparts there be among souls.

Events took their own course. I kept my fancies and feelings to myself, and we saw much of Mrs. Somerville and her brother. Ella said to me one day:

"How singular it is that Mr. Fischer and I

should think and feel so nearly alike about everything. I think he was intended to be my brother."

I watched her with the anxious eye of affection, and I could see she was rapidly acquiring by experience the knowledge I had gained by intuition, but we neither of us dared to mention it to the other. She avoided meeting Mr. Fischer, so far as she could, without making it noticeable. When she was obliged to meet him, she assumed a chilling dignity of demeanor—better calculated to win his respect than his love. But when their eyes met—as they would inevitably sometimes—he could but see his own anguish reflected in her beautiful hazel orbs, however much she might strive to veil it, and that was consolation to him, for he knew by that token that he was beloved.

One day Mrs. Somerville called upon us with sorrow on her countenance, to tell us that her brother was making arrangements to go abroad for an absence of years. It was such a sudden move; it had come upon her like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. She thought he had ceased to be a rover, and had determined to enjoy the quiet of home for the remainder of his life. She did not comprehend why a man of thirty-five, who had already traveled over the civilized world, should desire to traverse the route again, when the charm of novelty was gone. She wept over it, and was so absorbed in her own grief, that she did not notice the pallor of Ella's cheek, and the nervous clutch of her hand upon the arm of her chair. Before Mrs. Somerville had dried her tears, Ella had recovered herself, and offered her some words of condolence. I endeavored to monopolize conversation as much as possible to relieve Ella from that burden. At length our guest took her departure, and Ella could contain herself no longer. She threw herself into my arms, and sobbed as if her heart would break. When she found words, she said:

"There, Julia, you know the whole story now."

"Not a new story to me, Ella."

She looked up inquiringly at me.

"Do you suppose I have known you, loved you, studied you all these years, to be blinded now?"

A deep blush, half indignation, half shame, overspread her face, and she exclaimed:

"To think that I should be guilty of such feelings! I never deemed it possible. You remember, Julia, what Lord Kame says, 'Slight obstacles increase desire, insurmountable ones overcome it.' Now, I founded a pretty little theory on that text, that when the marriage tie was rightly estimated and conscientiously regarded, it was an insurmountable barrier to love; that a woman could not love another than her husband, even if she did not love him. I have had no tolerance for married women who betrayed a greater regard for another than their own husbands. It was not necessary that they should be guilty of impropriety even; the existence of the feeling brought them my contempt. Yet here am I, lowered to that level! Oh, Julia, Julia! what can I do to eradicate this guilty affection from my bosom. I will pluck it out, though my heart be at the root! Oh, God! forgive me, and have mercy upon me!"

"Ella," said I, "you talk unreasonably. Was it a voluntary act, your loving this man? You know you could not help it. God made you both so that you could not meet without loving, and then He brought you together. You cannot help the love, but you can help the manifestation of it. You can devote yourself religiously to the duties of your position, and thus banish as much as possible all thoughts of Mr. F. You can fight and pray against whatever may be wrong in thought and feeling, and trust in God to bring you through the fiery furnace where He has placed you, unscathed. Rest assured there is goodness and mercy behind the clouds, and the day will come when it shall be revealed to you."

"You are my good angel, Julia. I will smother my feelings, and try harder than ever to do my duty to Frank. I am so glad Mr. Fischer is going away. But, Julia, this is a terrible burden; it mortifies my pride and pricks my conscience in spite of your sensible view of it. And, oh! what a cruel fate it is which separates us! But in Heaven, thank God, nothing can come between us, and I am sure we can neither of us live long under this weight of misery."

A few days after, Charles Fischer called to bid us good-by. I was at my toilet when he came, and Ella had to go down alone. She summoned all her resolution, assumed a calm front, and went down-stairs. As soon as I could I hastened to her relief. As I opened the door, he was talking in low, earnest tones, and they did not discover my entrance. He bent forward, took her hand, and she, hastily withdrawing it, arose and said:

"It is enough, Mr. Fischer. I am not only a wife, but a conscientious Christian. My life, hitherto, has been void of reproach, and I shall not now allow myself to listen to such language as you have addressed to me, sir."

Here I slipped out unobserved. A few minutes after Ella came up-stairs, and went immediately to her own apartment. It was a long time before she made her appearance. When she did, she bore traces of a severe inward struggle; but she had come off conqueror, and appeared calm and composed. She requested me to walk out with her; and we started forth for a ramble. She then informed me that Mr. Fischer had left a good-by for me, but being somewhat hurried, could not wait to see me. I told her of my intrusion, and what I had seen and heard. She then proceeded to tell me the rest. She said Mr. F. spoke sadly of leaving home, and seemed to experience much regret at so doing; and she, for the sake of saying something commonplace, laughingly remarked upon the oddity of his going if he did not want to. He looked at her earnestly, and her eyes fell under that penetrating glance. He, harassed by contending emotions, lost his self-control, and exclaimed:

"Mrs. Allen, you know quite well my reasons for leaving home. You know I love you. Years have I wandered up and down on the face of the earth, with a heart more full of tenderness than



men often carry about with them, and whenever I have met a woman that attracted me, an ideal, which forever haunted me, rose up to eclipse the rising star, and would never permit me to yield my heart to mortal woman, till I met you, and beheld the realization of my dreams. Now I must stifle the pent-up feelings of years, because, forsooth, some empty words of one man has put another man between you and me. I will not, can not bear it! Ella, you return my love, you dare not deny it. Fly with me! fly with me! and we will defy fate and be happy!"

It was here that she rose up and said what I had overheard. She had been almost stunned by his impetuosity, but when he took her hand, and bade her fly with him, her senses returned to her; moreover, she said to him:

"How can you speak of a thing so absurd as happiness attained by violation of the laws of God and man? What happiness could exist where pride and conscience were forever torturers? Mr. Fischer, you are beside yourself. You would not in your sober senses think of such folly and wickedness. And how can you so insult one whom you profess to love?"

Here the tears sprang to her eyes, and she sank back into her chair. He stood before her with anguish and contrition struggling on his face.

"Forgive me! forgive me, Ella!" he cried; "I was raving! Do not treasure up against me a few wild words, uttered in a frenzy, when I am gone."

She could not help saying to him, as she bade him farewell:

"Heaven waits us, Charles Fischer; let us not lose our title to that!"

He wrung her hand, breathed a tremulous "God bless you!" upon her, and was gone.

Shortly after we went to our respective homes. I promised to visit Ella some time in the winter. Accordingly, in December, my husband and I went down to Philadelphia for a stay of two or three weeks with Ella. Ned had business both in Philadelphia and Washington, and as Frank was at home but little, Ella and I were left to each other's society most of the time. I can never forget a little snatch of poetry that seemed to comfort her, and which she used often to repeat as we sat sewing and talking—

"Far lingering on a distant dawn,  
My triumph shines, more sweet than late—  
When from these mortal mists withdrawn,  
Thy soul shall know me, I can wait!"

I suppose you will fancy that like the heroine of a novel, Ella was pale and worn with suffering; not a bit of it! She did not display any flag of distress—ate her meals regularly, treated her husband with the utmost kindness and regard, and at times was even gayer than she had been for years. Doubtless she had shed some bitter tears in secret, and had her seasons of despondency. Frank remarked that if the atmosphere of C— was as beneficial to everybody as it had been to Ella, it ought to be a very popular summer resort.

"For," said he, "she rejuvenated last summer, and has been so full of life and spirits sometimes since that she has quite astonished me."

She said to me one day, "I do so pity Frank, when I think that I cannot give him the heart that ought to be his. I feel some degree of remorse in reflecting upon it, and so I try to make every atonement in my power. He thinks I am greatly improved, poor fellow!"

Ella was not one of those who make a display of religious feeling. She talked little, but she felt the more. She thoroughly believed that a kind Heavenly Father would throw light on what seemed to her so dark and mysterious, and she clung to Him as a child might cling to an earthly parent in passing over a dark and dangerous way. Only those who have a similar faith can conceive its sustaining and consoling power.

One day Frank came home quite ill. We administered a few simple remedies, thinking it was only the effect of a severe cold. But when morning came, he had a raging fever, and breathed with painful effort. The family physician was speedily summoned. He came, and pronounced the disease inflammation of the lungs. A few days passed of anxiety, watchfulness, and unwearied but unavailing effort to conquer the disease, and then followed the solemn hush of death—the weeping and distress which death always brings—and Ella was a widow—her children fatherless.

Ned and I prolonged our stay to see Ella's worldly affairs all satisfactorily settled, and left her, gratified that she was left in a state of comfortable independence. I heard from her often. Her life was more quiet than ever; void of interest to almost any one but me. And so two years and more glided away before I saw her again. Then she came to spend a few weeks with me, bringing you with her—do you remember it, Annie? I persuaded her to go about with me a good deal. She had made a prisoner of herself since Frank's death, and the excitement of mingling a little with the world, made another being of her.

All this while we had almost no information of Charles Fischer. Report said he had been traveling in the far East. Ella came to me one day with the old eager light in her eyes, and whispered:

"Do you know, Julia, I do believe Mr. Fischer is coming—he is not far away, I am sure of it!"

"Why, Ella, what puts such an insane notion into your head?"

"Don't you think, Julia, that there is such a thing as two souls holding intimate communion, though miles of space intervene between the bodies? I have had experiences that I can only account for by some such theory—and I believe it! This morning I feel just as sure that Charles Fischer is coming with all possible speed to me as I do that I stand here. It may be absurd, but I can't help the feeling."

Sure enough, that evening brought him. We were in the drawing-room, Ella and I, when he came. I had just stepped back into the library,



which opened into the drawing-room with folding-doors. I heard the door open, and I saw him enter, though he did not see me. Ella rose from a sofa, where she had been quite absorbed in some new book, and Charles sprang forward, grasped her hand, gave one searching look in her eyes, and I heard him say:

"Ella, you are mine—mine now, and God only shall take you from me."

She uttered not a word, but with downcast eyes and eloquent cheek, silently consented, as he drew her to his heart, and imprinted his first warm kiss on her unresisting lips.

I felt rather guilty at playing the part of spectator, and withdrew till Ella's voice summoned me. As I entered, Mr. Fischer left Ella's side and met me with a hearty shake of the hand.

"Ah, Mrs. Ransom," said he, "we meet under happier auspices than we did three years ago!"

He led me to a chair, and seating himself beside me, said he:

"I believe you know all I would tell you—Ella says you are a sort of a prophetess. But I have one favor to ask of you, as my friend. Won't you assume the sceptre of authority, and make preparations for a wedding as expeditiously as may be? You women do so dilly dally about such matters, and I don't feel like being martyred much longer. Won't you, please, Mrs. Ransom, take Ella right home, and press all the dress-makers, milliners, and seamstresses in Philadelphia into the service at once, and let my time of probation be counted by weeks, not months? Moments are precious when one has reached the shady side of thirty-five!"

I promised to exercise myself to the uttermost to meet his wishes, but insisted that he should give me three months for my task.

Charles was a daily visitor during the few remaining days of Ella's visit. Both he and Ella were in a lovers' paradise. He accompanied us to Philadelphia, but was obliged to return to New York to settle some business that required his presence. Still he would persist in seizing every possible opportunity to come down and absorb Ella's precious time, although I told him he was only procrastinating his martyrdom. He vowed he was sorry, but couldn't help it.

Ella was her ancient self again—full of vivacity—entering into the old themes of interest with renewed zest.

Three months soon slipped by, and the wedding morning came. Never did a more glorious bridegroom lead a more radiant bride to the altar. The wedding was a quiet, home affair, with none but near friends for spectators, but it was the most charming one in which I ever participated. I was almost as happy as Charles and Ella. They went immediately to Europe, you remember, and were absent some time, while yourself and sister remained in my charge, and so acquired the very sensible fashion of calling me aunt. Sure I am that never aunt loved nieces better than Aunt Ransom loves Ella's children.

"Dear auntie, thank you a thousandfold for your story. But what a pity it was that their years of happiness were so few!"

"Why a pity? Do you suppose their happiness in one another is any less in heaven than here? So do not I, Annie. The only sorrow was that of parting, and that was but for a very brief period. Your mother, during those few years of happiness, used often to quote from that beautiful little poem of Heber's 'To My Wife;' it was a great favorite with both her and Charlie—

"Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,  
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love!"

And those lines were very expressive of the state of feeling between them, and when she was dying, she whispered to him two lines of the same poem, which proved prophetic—

"I would not die without you at my side, love—  
You will not linger when I shall have died, love."

A MAN lately made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. He was asked:

"What are the facilities in your village for extinguishing a fire?"

"Well, it rains sometimes," he replied, with great simplicity.

#### MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE THIRTEENTH LECTURE.—MRS. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO SEE HER DEAR MOTHER.—CAUDLE, ON THE "JOYFUL OCCASION," HAS GIVEN A PARTY, AND ISSUED THE SUBJOINED CARD OF INVITATION.

"When the Cat's Away the Mice Will Play."

MR. CAUDLE'S compliments to Mr. HENRY PRETTYMAN, and expects to have the honor of his company on this joyful occasion, at half-past Eight o'Clock.

"It is hard, I think, Mr. Caudle, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern: a tavern?—a pothouse? Yes, I thought you were very anxious that I should go; I thought you wanted to get rid of me for something, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh yes, you can be very tender, you can, Mr. Caudle, when it suits your own purpose. Yes! the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world knew you as well as I do, that's all; but it shall some day, I'm determined."

"I'm sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke; and, what's more, with the filthiest smoke I ever knew. Take 'em down then? Yes, it's all very well for you to say take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago; but a careful wife's lost upon you, Mr. Caudle. You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin, as I will for the future. People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do; I've long found out that."

"And what a condition the carpet's in! They've taken five pounds out of it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots, and I don't know what besides. And then the smoke in the hearth-rug, and a large cinder-hole burn't in it! I never saw such a house in my life! If you wanted to have a few friends, why couldn't you invite 'em when your wife's at home, like any other man? not have 'em sneaking in, like a set of housebreakers, directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must; mean fellows, that are afraid to face a woman! Ha! and you all call yourselves the lords of creation! I should only like to see what would become of the creation, if you were left to yourselves! A pretty pickle creation would be in very soon!"

"You must all have been in a nice condition? What do you say? You took nothing? Took nothing, didn't you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I haven't had the heart to count 'em. And punch, too? you must have punch! There's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one: for Susan, like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em to me. No, sir; Susan shan't leave the house! What do you say? She has no right to tell tales, and you will be master of your own house? Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there isn't as much as would fill a tea-cup. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for fifty men? What do you say? There wasn't fifty? That's no matter; the more shame for 'em, sir. I'm sure they drank enough for fifty. Do you suppose out of my housekeeping money I'm to find sugar for punch for all the world? You don't ask me? Don't you ask me? You do; you know you do; for if I only want a shilling extra, the house is in a blaze. And yet a whole loaf of sugar can you throw away upon—No, I won't be still; and I won't let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night, you wouldn't have been so sleepy now. You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you, and your poor wife can't get in a word!"

"And there's that China image that I had when I was married—I wouldn't have taken any

sum of money for it, and you know it—and how do I find it? With its precious head knocked off! And what was more mean, more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had happened. You knew nothing about it? Now, how can you lie there, in your Christian bed, Caudle, and say that? You know that that fellow, Prettyman, knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you hadn't the feeling—yes I will say it—you hadn't the feeling to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh, no, if the truth was known, you were glad to see it broken for that very reason."

"Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear aunt's picture? Oh! you're laughing, are you? You're not laughing? Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not laughing? Yes, corked whiskers on her dear face—and she was a good soul to you, Caudle, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, you may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling, like other people, that's all."

"Then there's my China mug—the mug I had before I was married—when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spout off that mug? Don't tell me it was cracked before—it's no such thing, Caudle; there wasn't a flaw in it—and now, I could have cried when I saw it. Don't tell me it wasn't worth twopence. How do you know? You never buy mugs. But that's like men; they think nothing in a house costs anything."

"There's four glasses broke, and nine cracked. At least, that's all I've found out at present; but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to-morrow."

"And I should like to know where the cotton umbrella's gone to—and I should like to know who broke the bell-pull—and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair—and perhaps—"

"I was resolved," says Caudle, "to know nothing, and so went to sleep in my ignorance."

#### The Celebration of "Mardi Gras" in New Orleans.

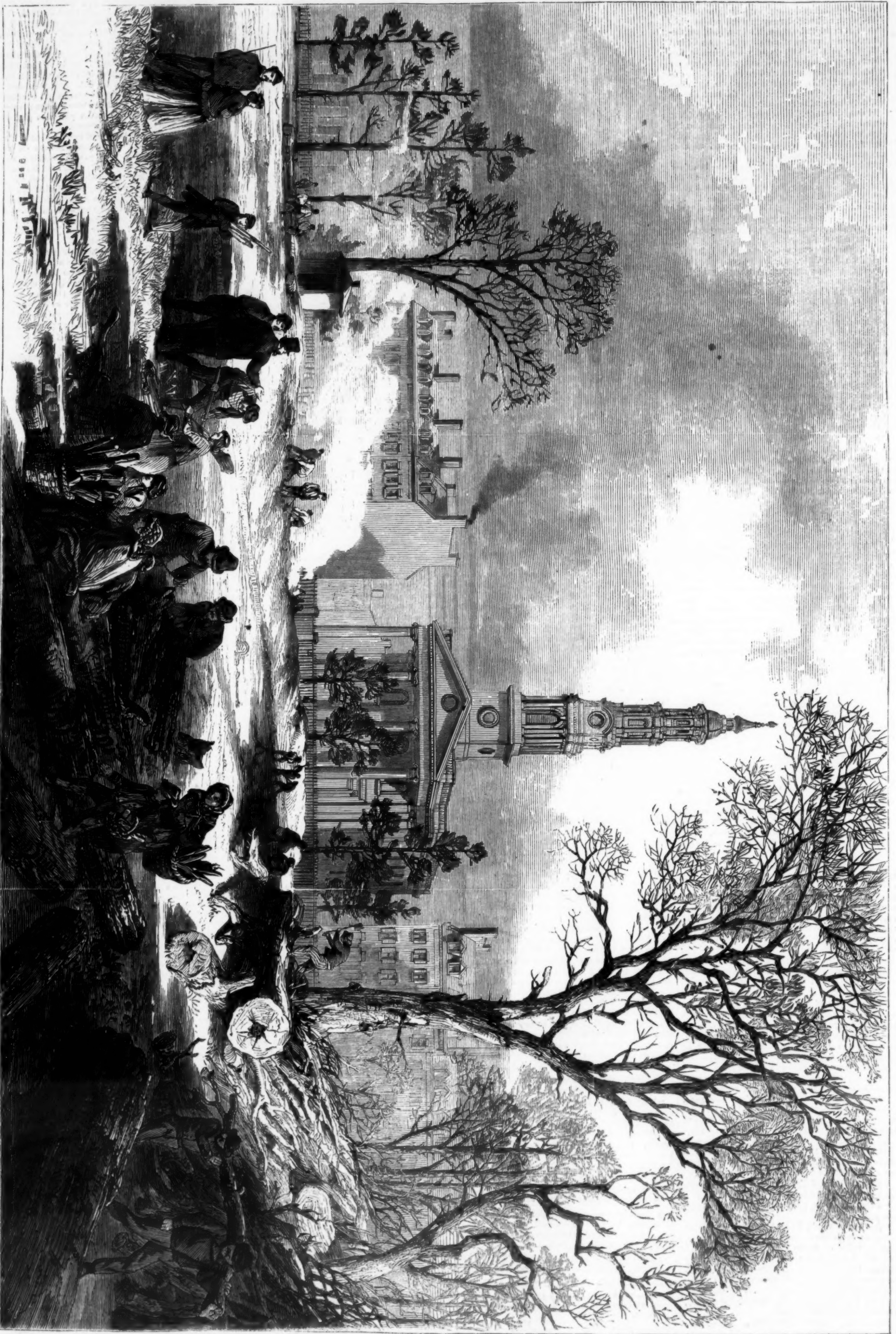
THE celebration of *Mardi Gras* in New Orleans is one of the remains of its original settlement by the French. *Mardi Gras* is the day represented in England by Shrove-Tuesday, the day preceding Ash-Wednesday, the first of Lent. It means *Fat Tuesday*, that being the last day in which a fat dish can be indulged in. Our illustration represents the procession of the "Mistick Krew of Comus," through the streets at night, while passing the St. Charles Hotel. The peculiar satisfaction which men can find in thus dressing themselves up fantastically and marching through the streets of a city is incomprehensible to those who are not provided by nature with the qualities which seek their gratification in such performances. Still if it amuses them, gives pleasure to the lookers-on, and all the expenses come from their own pockets, we have no right to complain. The originally often shown in selecting the costumes may perhaps be instrumental in cultivating the quality of fancy in which as a nation we are deficient, but the real zest with which such exhibitions were originally undertaken, is not natural to the American character, and will effectively prevent their ever becoming anything more than exceptional exhibitions.

#### The Demolition of St. John's Park.

OUR illustration shows the destruction of one of the oldest and the largest down-town parks in the city. The park was private property, being owned by the holders of the house lots abutting on it. Now that the up-town march of fashion has caused most of the original owners of the houses about the park to move away, and as the rise in the value of the real estate, for business purposes, has been large enough to tempt the owners to sell, the park has finally passed into other hands, and will be used as a depot for the Hudson River Railroad. It is a sad sight to see the destruction of a full-grown tree anywhere, but doubly so to see it take place in a city. Still, trade has no romance, and sentiment is as nothing in the scale against money, even though the money is in a paper currency. Thus the old landmarks disappear one by one, to make room for new structures, which in their turn will be treated with the same disregard. Theodore Parker's stay in Rome is supposed to have hastened his death. The constant suggestion of mortality in that city, of the countless generations which had passed away from its midst, is said to have affected his imagination so strongly, as to have destroyed his already feeble vitality. The eager, busy activity so characteristic of our civilization, is not likely, for a long time, to suffer such influences to remain in its surroundings. We must keep moving on. Neither our landmarks nor ourselves can be allowed to block the path for the car of Mammon.

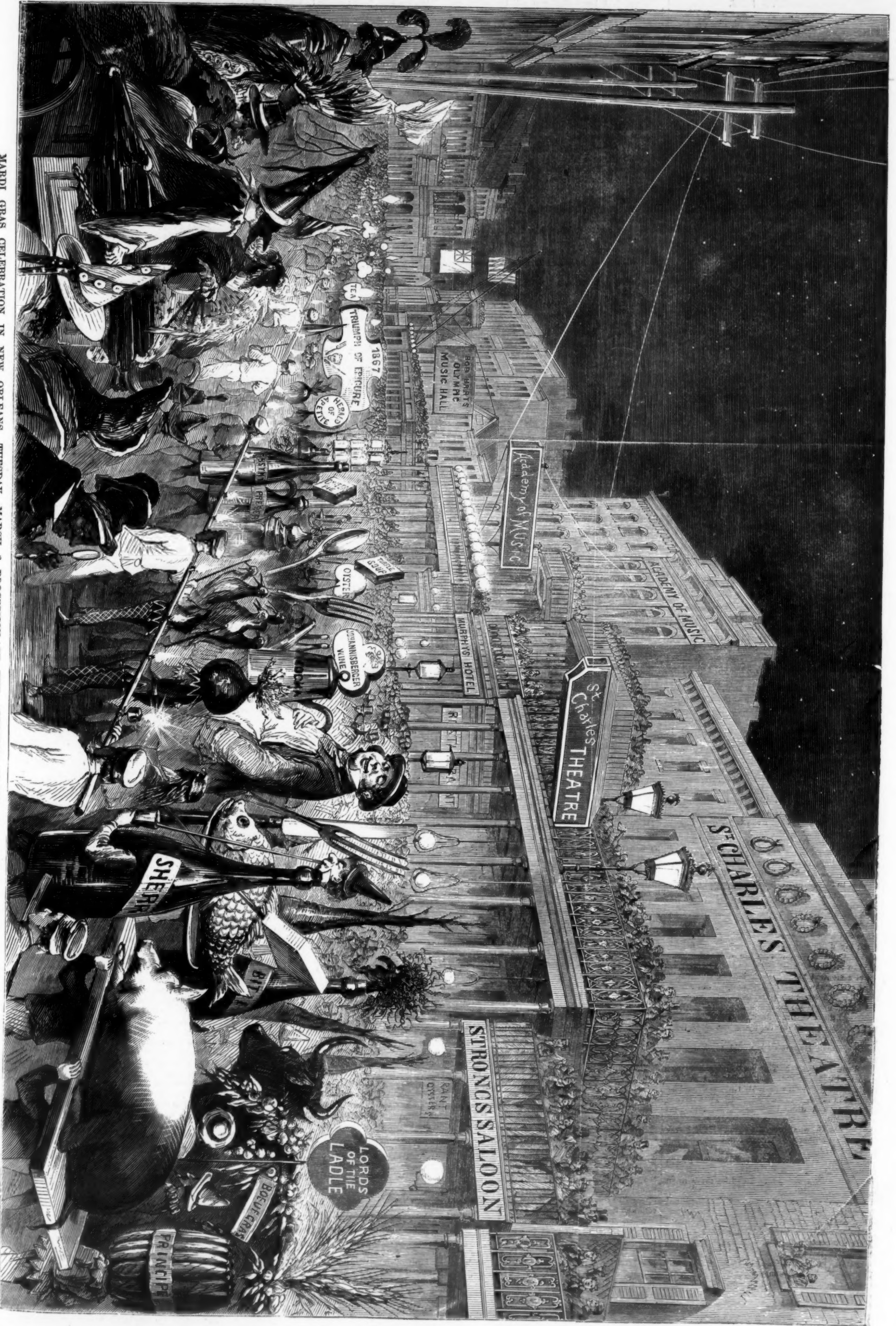
ENGLISH YAKERS.—Rather more than two years ago, one of the many Financial Companies, which at that time were daily springing into existence in London, was "brought out." The "promoters" of the concern were three in number. One was a solicitor without business, but who had not long before had to take refuge from his debts under the doors of the bankruptcy court in Basinghall street. The second was a Scotchman, who had never been possessed of capital, or land, or business, but had been a traveler for a Dundee or Glasgow firm, and had lately settled in London, taking a small office in the city and calling himself a commission agent. The third was a naval officer on half pay, whose modest pension barely served to keep down the interest of his debts, and who had managed to live in London for many years by the renewal of small bills at three months, by testing for money-lenders, and finding wealthy victims for bill discounts. The first time these three worthies met to discuss the prospectus of their proposed scheme, it was at the office of the Caledonian "commission agent," and having ordered a luncheon of beef-steaks and "cooper" from a neighboring tavern, found, after they had discussed the meal, that the means of paying for it could not be raised amongst the three. The lad who brought them the repast said he "had master's orders not to leave without the money," and so the half-pay lieutenant, under pretense of "asking whether a friend in the next office had any silver by him," went out and pawned for five shillings a silk umbrella which he had the day before obtained on credit from a West End shop. Yet not only did these individuals manage to "float" a financial undertaking, which had a subscribed capital of one million, a very influential direction, and whose shares "came out" at three to four premiums; but they also managed to divide among them no less than £10,000 of promotion money, their only regret being that they had not asked and obtained twenty.





THE DEMOLITION OF ST. JOHN'S PARK, HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK—REMOVING THE TREES AND SHRUBBERY.—SEE PAGE 39.





MARDI GRAS CELEBRATION IN NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, MARCH 6.—PROCESSION OF THE "MISTICK KREWE OF COMUS."—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 39.



## A SUMMER'S RIDE.

BY R. C. SPENCER.

Or they ride o'er grass and heather  
As the day begins to wane!  
Thinking, as they trot together  
Of an evening in the lane,

When a little word slipped from her  
And a bright inquiring glance  
To her face he turned (last summer—  
On the morning of the dance.)

Look! they slacken pace now, slowly,  
Talking, as they near the hill;  
Sing the joyous birds a holy  
Song of nature, then are still!

He is telling her the story,  
Trite and old, yet ever new!  
While the sun in setting glory  
Fades in his bright home of blue!

And she listens—half afraid, yet  
Knowing he must love her well;  
For her mind is hardly made yet—  
Listens as his pulses swell;—

Listens, as in simple boldness,  
Light from maiden eyes he drinks,  
And the story for its oldness  
Liking none the worse, methinks!

See her small hands strangely playing  
With her bay steed's silken mane!—  
"Is it true this he is saying?"  
Asking of herself, again!

Eagerly he looks—(her lashes  
Half the cheek-blush covering)—  
Waiting for those soft love-flashes  
That a woman's "yes" may bring!

Comes no answer! but a trembling  
Of the lips he takes for "yes"—  
Reader, if you thus were rambling,  
Would you think she loved you less?

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF  
BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XII.—MR. CRAWLEY SEEKS FOR SYMPATHY.

MATTERS went on very badly indeed in the parsonage-house at Hogglesstock. On the Friday morning—the morning after his committal—Mr. Crawley got up very early, long before the daylight, and dressing himself in the dark, groped his way down-stairs. His wife, having vainly striven to persuade him to remain where he was, followed him into the cold room below with a lighted candle. She found him standing with his hat on and with his old cloak, as though he were prepared to go out.

"Why do you do this?" she said. "You will make yourself ill with the cold and the night air; and then you, and I too, will be worse than we are now."

"We cannot be worse. You cannot be worse: and for me it does not signify. Let me pass."  
"I will not let you pass, Josiah. Be a man and bear it. Ask God for strength, instead of seeking it in an over-indulgence of your own sorrow."

"Indulgence!"  
"Yes, love, indulgence. It is indulgence. You will allow your mind to dwell on nothing for a moment but your own wrongs."

"What else have I that I can think of? Is not all the world against me?"

"Am I against you?"  
"Sometimes I think you are. When you accuse me of self-indulgence, you are against me—me, who for myself have desired nothing but to be allowed to do my duty, and to have bread enough to keep me alive, and clothes enough to make me decent."

"Is it not self-indulgence this giving way to grief? Who would know so well as you how to teach the lesson of endurance to others? Come, love; lay down your hat. It cannot be fitting that you should go out into the wet and cold of the raw morning."

For a moment he hesitated, but as she raised her hand to take his cloak from him, he drew back from her and would not permit it.

"I shall find those up whom I want to see," he said. "I must visit my flock, and I dare not go through the parish by daylight lest they hoot after me as a thief."

"Not one in Hogglesstock would say a word to insult you."

"Would they not? The very children in the school whisper at me. Let me pass, I say. It has not as yet come to that, that I should be stopped in my egress and ingress. They have—bailed me; and while their bail lasts, I may go where I will."

"Oh, Josiah, what words to me! Have I ever stopped your liberty? Would I not give my life to secure it?"

"Let me go then, now. I tell you that I have business in hand."

"But I will go with you. I will be ready in an instant."

"You go! Why should you go? Are there not the children for you to mind?"

"There is only Jane."

"Stay with her, then. Why should you go about the parish?" She still held him by the cloak, and looked anxiously up into his face. "Woman," he said, raising his voice, "what is it that you dread? I command you to tell me what is it that you fear?" He had now taken hold of her by the shoulder, slightly thrusting her from him, so that he might see her face by the dim light of the single candle. "Speak, I say. What is it that you think that I shall do?"

"Dearest, I know that you will be better at home—better with me—than you can be on such a morning as this out in the cold, damp air."

"And is that all?"—he looked hard at her, while she returned his gaze with beseeching, loving eyes. "Is there nothing behind that you will not tell me?"

She paused a moment before she replied. She had never lied to him—she could not lie to him. "I wish you knew my heart toward you," she said, "with all and everything in it."

"I know your heart well, but I want to know your mind. Why would you persuade me not to go out among my poor?"

"Because it will be bad for you to be out alone in the dark lanes, in the mud and wet, thinking of your sorrow. You will brood over it till you will lose your senses through the intensity of your grief. You will stand out in the cold air, forgetful of everything around you, till your limbs will be numbed, and your blood chilled—"

"And then—?"  
"Josiah, do not hold me like that, and look at me so angrily."

"And even then I will bear my burden till the Lord in his mercy shall see fit to relieve me. Even then I will endure, though a bare bodkin or a leaf of hemlock would put an end to it. Let me pass on; you need fear nothing."

She did let him pass without another word, and he went out of the house, shutting the door after him noiselessly, and closing the wicket-gate of the garden. For a while she sat herself down on the nearest chair, and tried to make up her mind how she might best treat him in his present state of mind. As regarded the present morning her heart was at ease. She knew that he would do now nothing of that which she had apprehended. She could trust him not to be false in his word to her, though she could not before have trusted him not to commit so much heavier a sin. If he would really employ himself from morning till night among the poor, he would be better so—his trouble would be easier of endurance—than with any other employment which he could adopt. What she most dreaded was that he should sit idle over the fire and do nothing. When he was so seated she could read his mind, as though it was open to her as a book. She had been quite right when she had accused him of over-indulgence in his grief. He did give way to it till it became a luxury to him—a luxury which she would not have had the heart to deny him, had she not felt it to be of all luxuries the most pernicious. During these long hours, in which he would sit speechless, doing nothing, he was telling himself from minute to minute that of all God's creatures he was the most heavily afflicted, and was reveling in the sense of the injustice done to him.

He was recalling all the facts of his life, his education, which had been costly, and, as regarded knowledge, successful; his vocation to the church, when in his youth he had determined to devote himself to the service of his Saviour, disregarding promotion or the favor of men; the short, sweet days of his early love, in which he had devoted himself again—thinking nothing of self but everything of her; his diligent working, in which he had ever done his utmost for the parish in which he was placed, and always his best for the poorest; the success of other men who had been his contemporaries, and, as he too often told himself, intellectually his inferiors; then of his children, who had been carried off from his love to the churchyard—over whose graves he himself had stood, reading out the pathetic words of the funeral service with unswerving voice and a bleeding heart; and then of his children still living, who loved their mother so much better than they loved him. And he would recall all the circumstances of his poverty—how he had been driven to accept alms, to fly from creditors, to hide himself, to see his chairs and tables seized before the eyes of those over whom he had been set as their spiritual pastor. And in it all, I think, there was nothing so bitter to the man as the derogation from the spiritual grandeur of his position as priest among men, which came as one necessary result from his poverty. St. Paul could go forth without money in his purse or shoes to his feet or two suits to his back, and his poverty never stood in the way of his preaching, or hindered the veneration of the faithful. St. Paul, indeed, was called upon to bear stripes, was flung into prison, encountered terrible dangers. But Mr. Crawley—so he told himself—could have encountered all that without flinching. The stripes and scorn of the unfaithful would have been nothing to him, if only the faithful would have believed in him, poor as he was, as they would have believed in him had he been rich! Even they whom he had most loved treated him almost with derision, because he was now different from them. Dean Arabin had laughed at him because he had persisted in walking ten miles through the mud instead of being conveyed in the dean's carriage; and yet, after that, he had been driven to accept the dean's charity! No one respected him. No one! His very wife thought that he was a lunatic. And now he had been publicly branded as a thief; and in all likelihood would end his days in a jail! Such were always his thoughts as he sat idle, silent, moody, over the fire; and his wife well knew their currents. It would certainly be better that he should drive himself to some employment, if any employment could be found possible to him.

When she had been alone for a few minutes, Mrs. Crawley got up from her chair, and going into the kitchen, lighted the fire there, and put the kettle over it, and began to prepare such breakfast for her husband as the house afforded. Then she called the sleeping servant-girl, who was little more than a child, and went into her own girl's room, and then she got into bed with her daughter.

"I have been up with your papa, dear, and I am cold."

"Oh, mamma, poor mamma! Why is papa up so early?"

"He has gone out to visit some of the brick-makers before they go to their work. It is better for him to be employed."

"But, mamma, it is pitch dark."

"Yes, dear, it is still dark. Sleep again for a while, and I will sleep too. I think Grace will be here to-night, and then there will be no room for me here."

Mr. Crawley went forth and made his way with rapid steps to a portion of his parish nearly two miles distant from his house, through which was carried a canal, affording water communication in some intricate way both to London and Bristol. And on the brink of this canal there had sprung up a colony of brickmakers, the nature of the earth in those parts combining with the canal to make brickmaking a suitable trade.

The workmen there assembled were not, for the most part, native-born Hogglesstockians, or folk descended from Hogglesstockian parents. They had come thither from unknown regions, as laborers of that class do come when they are needed. Some young men from that and neighboring parishes had joined themselves to the colony, allured by wages, and disregarding the menaces of the neighboring farmers; but they were all in appearance and manners nearer akin to the race of navvies than to ordinary rural laborers. They had a bad name in the country; but it may be that their name was worse than their deserts. The farmers hated them, and consequently they hated the farmers.

They had a beer-shop, and a grocer's shop, and a huckster's shop for their own accommodation, and were consequently vilified by the small old-established tradesmen around them. They got drunk occasionally, but I doubt whether they drank more than did the farmers themselves on market-day. They fought among themselves sometimes, but they forgave each other freely, and seemed to have no objection to black eyes. I fear that they were not always good to their wives, nor were their wives always good to them; but it should be remembered that among the poor, especially when they live in clusters, such misfortunes cannot be hidden as they may be amidst the decent belongings of more wealthy people. That they worked very hard was certain; and it was certain also that very few of their number ever came upon the poor rates. What became of the old brick-makers no one knew. Who ever sees a worn-out aged navvie?

Mr. Crawley, ever since his first coming into Hogglesstock, had been very busy among these brickmakers, and by no means without success. Indeed the farmers had quarreled with him because the brickmakers had so crowded the narrow parish church, as to leave but scant room for decent people. "Do they folk pay tithes? That's what I want 'un to tell me?" argued one farmer—not altogether unreasonably, believing as he did that Mr. Crawley was paid by tithes out of his own pocket. But Mr. Crawley had done his best to make the brickmakers welcome at the church, scandalizing the farmers by causing them to sit or stand in any portion of the church which was hitherto unappropriated. He had been constant in his personal visits to them, and had felt himself to be more a St. Paul with them than with any other of his neighbors around him.

It was a cold morning, but the rain of the preceding evening had given way to frost, and the air, though sharp, was dry. The ground under the feet was crisp, having felt the wind and frost, and was no longer clogged with mud. In his present state of mind the walk was good for our poor pastor, and exhilarated him; but still, as he went, he thought always of his injuries. His own wife believed that he was about to commit suicide, and for so believing he was very angry with her; and yet, as he well knew, the idea of making away with himself had flitted through his own mind a dozen times. Not from his own wife could he get real sympathy. He would see what he could do with a certain brickmaker of his acquaintance.

"Are you here, Dan?" he said, knocking at the door of a cottage which stood alone, close to the towing-path of the canal, and close also to a forlorn corner of the muddy, watery, ugly, disordered brickfield. It was now just past six o'clock, and the men would be rising, as in midwinter they commenced their work at seven. The cottage was an unalluring, straight brick-built tenement, seeming as though intended to be one of a row which had never progressed beyond Number One. A voice answered from the interior, inquiring who was the visitor, to which Mr. Crawley replied by giving his name. Then the key was turned in the lock, and Dan Morris, the brickmaker, appeared with a candle in his hand. He had been engaged in lighting the fire, with a view to his own breakfast. "Where is your wife, Dan?" asked Mr. Crawley. The man answered by pointing with a short poker, which he held in his hand, to the bed, which was half screened from the room by a ragged curtain, which hung from the ceiling half-way down to the floor. "And are the Darvels here?" asked Mr. Crawley. Then Morris, again using the poker, pointed upward, showing that the Darvels were still in their own allotted abode upstairs.

"You're early out, Muster Crawley," said Morris, and then he went on with his fire. "Drat the sticks, if they be as wet as the old 'un himself. Get up, old woman, and do you do it, for I can't. They won't kindle for me, nohow."

But the old woman, having well noted the presence of Mr. Crawley, thought it better to remain where she was.

Mr. Crawley sat himself down by the obstinate fire and began to arrange the sticks.

"Dan, Dan!" said a voice from the bed; "sure you wouldn't let his reverence trouble himself with the fire?"

"How be I to keep him from it, if he chooses? I didn't ax him."

Then Morris stood by and watched, and after a while Mr. Crawley succeeded in his attempt.

"How could it burn when you had not given the small spark a current of air to help it?" said Mr. Crawley.

"In course not," said the woman; "but he be such a stupid."

The husband said no word in acknowledgment of this compliment, nor did he thank Mr. Crawley for what he had done, nor appear as though he intended to take any notice of him. He was going on with his work when Mr. Crawley again interrupted him.

"How did you get back from Silverbridge, yesterday, Dan?"

"Footed it—all the blessed way."

"It's only eight miles."

"And I footed it there, and that's sixteen. And I paid one-and-sixpence for beer and grub—a'help me, I did."

"Dan!" said the voice from the bed, rebuking him from the impropriety of his language.

"Well; I beg pardon, but I did. And they giv' me two bob—just two plain shillings, by—"

"Dan!"

"And I'd 've arned three-and-six here at brick-making easy; that's what I would. How's a poor man to live that way? They'll not catch me at Barchester 'Sizes at that price; they may be sure of that. Look there—that's what I've got for my day." And he put his hand into his breeches-pocket and fetched out a sixpence. "How's a man to fill his belly out of that? Damnation!"

"Dan!"

"Well, what did I say? Hold your jaw, will you, and not be halloaing at me that way? I know what I'm saying of, and what I'm a doing of."

"I wish they'd given you something more with all my heart," said Crawley.

"We knows that," said the woman from the bed. "We is sure of that, your reverence."

"Sixpence!" said the man, scornfully. "If they'd have giv' me nothing at all but the run of my teeth at the public-house, I'd 've taken it better. But sixpence!"

Then there was a pause.

"And what have they given to me?" said Mr. Crawley, when the man's ill-humor about his sixpence had so far subsided as to allow of his busy-ing himself again about the premises.

"Yes, indeed—yes, indeed," said the woman.

"Yes, yes, we feel that; we do indeed, Mr. Crawley."

"I tell you what, air; for another sixpence I'd 've sworn you'd never giv' me the paper at all—and so I will now, if it bea'n't too late—sixpence or no sixpence. What do I care? D—them!"

"Dan."

"And why shouldn't I? They hain't got brains enough among them to winny the truth from the lies—not among the lot of 'em. I'll swear afore the judge that you didn't give it me at all, if that'll do any good."

"Man, do you think I'd have you perjure yourself, even if that would do me a service? And do you think that any man was ever served by a lie?"  
"Faix, among them chaps it don't do to tell them too much of the truth. Look at that! and he brought out the sixpence again from his breeches-pocket. "And look at your reverence. Only that they've let you out for a while, they've been nigh as hard on you as though you were one of us."

"If they think that I stole it, they have been right," said Mr. Crawley.

"It's been along of that chap, Soames," said the woman. "The lord would 'uv paid the money out of his own pocket and never said not a word."

"If they think that I've been a thief, they've done right," repeated Mr. Crawley. "But how can they think so? How can they think so? Have I lived like a thief among them?"

"For the matter o' that, if a man ain't paid for his work by them as is his employers, he must pay himself. Them's my notions. Look at that!" Whereupon he again pulled out the sixpence, and held it forth in the palm of his hand.

"You believe, then," said Mr. Crawley, speaking very slowly, "that I did steal the money. Speak out, Dan; I shall not be angry. As you go you are honest men, and I want to know what such of you think about it."

"He don't think nothing of the kind," said the woman, almost getting out of bed in her energy. "If he'd a thought the like o' that in his head, I'd read 'un such a lesson he'd never think again the longest day he had to live."

"Speak out, Dan," said the clergyman, not attending to the woman. "You can understand that no good can come of a lie." Dan Morris scratched his head. "Speak out, man, when I tell you," said Crawley.

"Drat it all," said Dan, "where's the use of so much jaw about it?"

"Say you know his reverence is as innocent as the babe as isn't born," said the woman.

"No; I won't—say nothing of the kind," said Dan.

"Speak out the truth," said Crawley.

"They do say among 'em," said Dan, "that you did pick it up, and then got a woolgathering in your head till you didn't rightly know where it came from." Then he paused. "And after a bit you giv' it to me to get the money. Didn't you, now?"

"I did."

"And they do say if a poor man had done it, it'd been stealing, for sartin."

"And I'm a poor man—the poorest in all Hogglesstock; and, therefore, of course, it is stealing. Of course I am a thief. Yes; of course I am a thief. When did not the world believe the worst of the poor?"

Having so spoken, Mr. Crawley rose from his chair and hurried out of the cottage, waiting no further reply from Dan Morris or his wife. And as he made his way slowly home, not going there



by the direct road, but by a long circuit, he told himself that there could be no sympathy for him anywhere. Even Dan Morris, the brickmaker, thought that he was a thief.

"And am I a thief?" he said to himself, standing in the middle of the road, with his hands up to his forehead.

## "TABOOED."

How often does one hear this word used, and yet very few know its origin or full meaning, whence derived, or where used. Speaking with a friend, only last night, on some forbidden topic: "Hush!" said he, hastily; "that subject is tabooed here."

Now the word *taboo* does not mean altogether this sense of forbidden or silence; it has in its native home a much more extensive signification. Where is its home? Among the sunny islands of the Pacific, and there it is the name of an odd custom, a custom attended with great inconvenience, although sometimes a benefit.

The word *taboo*, so pronounced in the Fiji Islands and other of the groups in the Northern Pacific, is called *tápu* in New Zealand, and means sacred or holy. In traveling through these islands it meets you at every turn, and often pulls you up uncomfortably short.

There are two kinds of *tápu*: one which lasts for a longer or shorter period of time, according to the whim or will of the Tohunga, or priest, who is generally an old man (the medicine man of his tribe); and one other *tápu*, which lasts forever, as far as anything earthly can partake of eternal duration. This *tápu* refers to dead bodies.

Now for an instance or two of my own personal experience of the custom:

In the year 1859 I visited the numerous group of islands called the Fiji group. On the largest of this group I spent several days traveling inland, with my pikau or bundle on my back, which bundle consisted of a pair of blankets, a small cotton tent, a flannel shirt, a pair of socks, and other articles of clothing, as well as a little arrow-root, rice, sugar, flour, and tea, a small quantity of each. I had also a quart tin pannikin, knife and spoon fastened to a leather belt round my body. Thus equipped, I started, with three native Fijians, trusting to my knowledge of the Maori language to make myself understood, and with which knowledge I found myself able to explain my wants and make myself pretty well understood.

I wanted to reach a native settlement or village, called Tanigata Pu, where a chief I had met formerly lived. The second day of our journey we came to a deserted pah or village. The huts were all more or less in a state of decay, slowly and quietly moldering away under the hand of Time and neglect. And yet it was just the spot for a native settlement: a level flat of rich black soil, on the banks of a narrow creek, communicating by means of a long, narrow and circuitous channel, with a beautiful bay of the sea. The bay abounded with fish of every description, oysters in great abundance encrusted the rocks round it, and the beach was one mass of large pipis, or clams, as they are here called. Surrounding the deserted village were forest-clad hills, most of them inaccessible; indeed, there was but one mountain-pass for egress or ingress to friend or foe landward, and the narrow creek was bounded on each side by large impassable mangrove swamps. Cocoa-nut trees shot up their long, straight stems on the flat, and vast numbers of peach-trees, laden at the time of my visit with ripe fruit, overshadowed the moldering huts, and dropped their fruit, unplucked and ungathered, among the rank, dense herbage on the ground. In the neighborhood of this beautiful yet forlorn-looking and deserted spot we encamped for the night.

One of the natives, a fine, tall, well-built fellow, named Wailu, his teeth sharpened to points for the better tearing into pieces and mastication of human food, with a short black clay pipe in his mouth, filled with charcoal in default of tobacco, thus trying to extract the flavor of the oil in the clay—this native had already lighted a fire, and unalms from his back a kohu, or small iron pot, in which I cooked my food; another native, Hololai, was busy putting up my tent for the night, and the third one gathering fern for my bed.

Pending these various operations I strolled toward the deserted pah. As I approached it I happened to look round, and was struck with the looks of uneasiness and energetic gestures of the men.

"Haere mai, haere mai"—come back, come back—shouted Wailu, "he mea taboo tera"—a sacred place, that. Not caring then to offend their prejudices, I reluctantly returned, and putting a handful or two of rice in the water in the pot, eat down and watched it boil, meanwhile smoking my pipe. I had scarcely taken a dozen whiffs of the latter, when an olive-colored hand was extended, and I found my pipe removed, and coolly deposited between the tattooed lips of my friend Wailu, who was then busy broiling some fish and roasting some yams for their own supper; he, after drawing with much unction a few whiffs, transferred it to each of his companions, until a length it traveled round to me. This, much to my annoyance, was an event of frequent occurrence, and I ever felt some repugnance at taking back the pipe from between teeth which, white and dazzling though they might be, had ever and again been buried in human flesh. However, as this was a proof of their friendliness toward me, I was forced to submit with as good a grace as I could.

Another thing which annoyed me was this: I found the Fijians were as partial to rice and sugar as I was myself, and no sooner was my supper ready and sweetened, when three hands besides my spoon would dip simultaneously into the pot, and despite the heat, quickly scoop out the contents, so that oft times small rations of it fell to

my lot. This was the case this evening, and had it not been for the broiled fish and yams, I should have retired hungry to bed.

Next morning I awoke before the others were stirring, and resolved to avail myself of the opportunity of exploring the *tápu* spot, which was not more than a hundred yards distant from where we were encamped. Accordingly, after my morning ablutions in the little stream which ran down from the hills into the creek, I sauntered off toward the place. What a sad, forlorn spot it was; huts, ruinous with decay, and mats, fishing-nets and dresses slowly rotting away; canoes drawn up alongside the huts, covered over by green, slimy moss, and gray, damp lichens; paddles wonderfully carved, the cost of many a day's labor, lay there with them. In some of the huts a pair of blankets, once bright red or blue, now faded and mildewed, with various dresses of many-hued cotton cloth, hanging in tatters, and swaying backward and forward in every passing breeze, met the eye—ghostly relics of days bygone. Peaches in vast profusion lay rotting on the ground.

In the largest hut of all, and the one in the greatest state of preservation, I came suddenly upon the skeleton of a man sitting propped upright in a small canoe, and with various clubs and paddles alongside of it, fitting guardian of the weird-like place. Startled, I turned my steps again campward, but could not forbear, on my way, plucking some of the peaches, which I then and there ate, and filling my pockets I went back to breakfast, and found the three natives busily preparing that meal. They asked me no questions, although I felt very sure (notwithstanding my having made a circuit and coming out of the forest in the opposite direction to the pah) that they knew I had been there. As soon as my rice was boiled I quietly took two or three of the peaches and dropped them into the pot. Uttering a loud shriek, Wailu sprang forward, trying to seize hold of my arm, "Ka kino, ka kino koe, kahore he kai mo maton"—It is bad, it is bad, we cannot eat of it—he cried; but it was too late, the food had become tabooed, and not only the food but the pot in which it was boiled; nor food and pot only, but everything that touched it, and consequently my lips and pipe.

Henceforward I was tabooed; my food remained untouched, save by myself, and my pipe reposed in peace between my tabooed lips. So far it was an advantage to me, but when we came to start again they would not allow me to go in the canoe with them, for the superstition is, who ever breaks a taboo, the first time he goes to sea will be upset and devoured by the sharks, a fate they determinedly declined to partake with me, and consequently left me alone to find my way overland—after a long, tedious climb up the mountain, with a side not much unlike the wall of a house, and a weary, muddy tramp through a swampy forest. How I blessed the taboo.

I had not done with it, yet. That night my teeth ached, and next morning I rose with a swollen face. "Now," said Wailu, seeing me, "you will believe in the taboo after this."

Once the taboo came near costing me my life. In this wise: We were cruising about from island to island in a small schooner-yacht, and touching at one of those

"Summer tales of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea."

to get water, I landed with one of the boats, and seeing no signs of human beings beyond ourselves, I pushed inland. Looking round wearily as I proceeded, I struck upon a narrow-beaten path through a thicket of trees, and came at length to a small opening. Just as I reached it a swarthy figure sprang out of the bushes, and brandishing a spear, uttered, in an excited tone, some words I could not understand. For a moment or two I stood still, perplexed; then, thinking it was but one of their customs to try and intimidate a stranger, I again stepped forward. Hardly had I taken two steps when, with an angry exclamation, he let fly the spear, which came whirling through the air. Involuntarily I sprang aside, and the spear struck one of my right ribs, and then glanced off. Uttering a loud cry, I started off to the beach, and flinging myself into the boat made them pull me to the vessel. During the day my friend of the spear ventured alongside in his canoe, bringing with him a cargo of coconuts, yams, oranges and bread fruit, as a peace offering. After some little persuasion he came on board, and from his frequent pointing to the shore in the direction I had been in the morning, and the oft repetition of the word *taboo*, I concluded I had been trespassing on hallowed ground.

Of the inconvenience of this custom of *tápu*, I can speak from painful experience. One of the finest and largest fish caught in the Pacific Ocean is called the Waiupuka, averaging from twenty to one hundred pounds in weight, large-headed like cod, but its flesh firm, rich and flaky like the salmon, with the same rich creamy curd between the flakes. It is eagerly sought after, and is the favorite food of both white man and native. I was for some time living among a Maori tribe, one of the most powerful in New Zealand, frequenting the northern part of the island, and especially Kororarika, or the Bay of Islands, the headquarters of the American sperm whalers. This tribe are called the Ngapuhis.

One of my principal sources of food was the above-mentioned fish. One day the old Ariki or Tohunga took a whim into his head to taboo them, much to my disgust; and, in spite of my discussions, henceforth no boat or canoe was allowed to go to the fishing-grounds. My only hope in its speedy removal rested on the deprivation all the tribe suffered equally with myself. Weeks, however, passed, and still it continued. I tried to supply the want by shooting all the wild pigeons I could come across in the forest. Now this bird is no mean substitute when you are able to find them in sufficient numbers. They are a large,

bronze-colored bird, and very fat and delicious eating—in fact, the *bonne bouche* of Maori food. One day, in order to fill up the measure of his iniquity, the old fanatic *tápu*ed them also. Here was a do! No fish, no pigeons, or kukupa. For two whole weeks we patiently endured it. At length the chief, named Mongonui, who was very fond of good living, could endure it no longer; so one day he ordered his boat and went first to Kororarika, where he got uproariously drunk, and on his return sent for the Ariki, and ordered him immediately to remove the *tápu*, on pain of a gentle reminder from his stone club, should he refuse to do so. This latter argument prevailed, and he accordingly removed the obnoxious *tápu*. Hereupon happened one of the strangest of all my personal experiences; to this day I cannot account for it—I can only vouch for the truth of what I am about to relate:

The way he broke the *tápu* was this: He went into the forest and shot a pigeon, and going out to sea, caught and cooked a waiupuka. Dividing this into small portions, he sent one of these portions to each family in the tribe; whoever accepted and ate the portion, to him or her the bird or fish became "noa," or common again; if they refused to partake of it, it remained still "he mea tapu." An old man named Horomona ate of both, whilst his wife, Ripaka, refused both. This proceeding on his wife's part greatly troubled Horomona, as he could neither eat, drink, or sleep with her. He determined to try the *tápu*. One fine moonlight night I was awake out of my sleep by hearing a loud tangle or wailing on the beach. I hastened down to the shore to see what was the matter, and found about sixty persons, men and women, boys and girls, all squatted along the beach, watching some object far out at sea, and wailing out the most dismal laments.

"What is that I see out there?" I asked.

"Horomona," was the reply.

"What!" I asked, sharply; "that old man out so far in deep water, and where sharks abound! Where is my boat? Come help me to launch her and let us go to his aid—whatever took him out there?"

"We cannot go to help him," they said; "he has gone to try the *tápu* and see if the sharks will eat him."

I saw it was useless to interfere, and accordingly sat down and watched with the rest. Now comes the strangeness of the affair. He suddenly seemed to rise out of the water above his waist, and came rushing through the water at a rapid rate, borne evidently along by some unseen power, and singing triumphantly a Maori song. All the people started to their feet, and in loud strains welcomed him back, whilst I gazed on utterly confounded at seeing his rapid pace through the water. On landing, which he did with a sort of jerk, as if thrown on shore, I asked him how he had come so quickly back—for swim he did not—I am sure of that.

"A large shark," was his reply, "came and took me on its back and brought me safely home."

He believed it too, and I saw the rest looked as if it was so, and no new occurrence. I, of course, did not and do not believe it. This only I saw and declare, his rapid return, his body half out of the water, singing loudly. How he came back perplexes me to this day. I have only to add, his wife was convinced, and partook of the food, and the *tápu* became broken to both alike.

## EUGENE SCRIBE.

The general tone of M. Scribe's works is kindly, and sometimes even genial; but their moral purport is almost always low—so low as to be almost sure to please the butchers, bakers, stockbrokers, bankers and other money-grubbers, who form so large a portion of every theatrical audience. He never falls into the error of teaching that riches are undesirable, or that rich men, other qualifications being equal, do not deserve more respect than poor ones; or that honest enthusiasm is of any value as compared with calm self-interest. It is mundane morality from beginning to end that we find in the pieces of M. Scribe, and naturally the whole world was pleased with his moral lessons—so agreeably, too, as they are conveyed! Any of the first, second and third-rate comic authors who have preceded M. Scribe, having such subjects as charlatanism and cliques to treat, would have shown us those who trusted to such means for their advancement defeated and humiliated in the end; but in *Le Charlatanisme* and *La Camaraderie* the heroes of the systems in question are made to succeed and prosper. There is no cynicism in the author's manner of exhibiting their triumph (such as may be observed, for instance, in *Le sage's Crispin rival de son Maître*, where two convicted thieves are told that, for their ingenuity, they may hope to obtain some employment under government); on the contrary, he takes a naïve and, as he appears to think, virtuous delight in their having attained their objects by base means, though, as if conscience-stricken, he hints just at the end of the *Camaraderie*, that if schemers gain the prizes of life, it nevertheless needs men of true ability to retain them.

But the best way to regard the pieces of M. Scribe is apart from their moral purport altogether. He teaches so feebly—and above all, aims so little at teaching—that his lessons are really of no importance. He has, it is true, pointed out in many of his works the inconvenience, if not the sin, of breaking that commandment which (in their novels and dramas at least) the French specially love to transgress; and in a little piece called *Le Démoniaque à Marier*, he has gone far toward pointing out the remedy for the undesirable relations subsisting between love and marriage in France, by showing how a young girl may sometimes be advantageously left to marry the man of her own choice. But on the other hand, in the *Mariage d'Argent*, he shows us with great complacency a young girl sacrificed to an old man, applauds the transaction, and has not a word of sympathy or pity for the sincere and passionate lover from whom she is torn away. No one seeks the moral purport of *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, *Le Domino Noir*, and the rest of M. Scribe's opera, any more than he examines into their probability; nor should we look much for either (and certainly not for the former at all) in his comedies and *comédies-vaudevilles*. They are models of construction, and are pleasantly written, though according to the best French critics, very incorrectly.

The anecdotes told about and in connection with M. Scribe are very numerous. How could it well be otherwise in the case of a popular author who had been half a century before the public, in a country where anecdote-making is almost a serious branch of literature? The first we shall mention relates to his private life, for which reason, no doubt, it has been told more frequently in the French papers than any of the others.

It appears that M. Scribe got married much in the same way as one of his own heroes, and that he even married a widow. After such a union, he was obliged more than ever to continue to introduce the *jeune veuve* into his pieces, otherwise his malicious friends (and whose friends are not sometimes malicious?) would have said that Scribe had only ceased admiring young widows after marrying one. Scribe behaved better to his *jeune veuve*—who, when he first met her, was a young married woman—than most of his colonels and diplomatists would have done. One day, as he was going into the office of his notary, he met coming out of it, a lady whose beauty and whose sadness equally impressed him. The notary informed his client that the lady he so much admired, and for whom he felt so much sympathy, had come to him on an errand which could not possibly be successful—she wished to borrow money for her husband, who was in great difficulties and had no security to offer. M. Scribe instructed the man of law to advance the sum needed on his (the dramatist's) account, but as if in the ordinary way of business, and from the office funds. A few years afterward the husband of M. Scribe's fair creditor was kind enough to die, but not until he had recovered his position, and had amassed sufficient money to enable his wife, on accepting the marital inheritance, to defray at once all the debts of the estate. The *jeune veuve*, when like the *jeune veuve* of the Gymnase, she had completed her period of mourning, called upon M. Scribe, to whom she had at last been referred by the notary. M. Scribe knew better than any one how the little three-act drama in which he now found himself engaged, and of which the second act was already "on," ought to terminate, and he finished it in real life as he would have finished it had it all been a fiction for the stage. "My life is such a tedious drama," said Bivarol, "that it sometimes fancy it must have been written by Mercier." "The principal event of my life is mixed up with such a dramatic little intrigue, that it reminds me of one of my own pieces for the Gymnase," Scribe might have said. And if any one had objected to him that the Gymnase *répertoire* was not true to life, he might have replied that at least life had shown itself true to the *répertoire* of the Gymnase.

All the anecdotes that one hears of M. Scribe testify to the excellence of his heart. A charming one is told of his conduct to the widow of a collaborator (always widows!) who had assisted him in writing a piece, which, when it was brought out, utterly failed. The collaborator, tired of an unsuccessful career, or for some other reason, died, and his wife for years afterward continued to receive money from the agent of the Dramatic Authors' Association, on account of her late husband's share in a piece which had only lived a few nights. "It is astonishing," the poor lady was in the habit of saying, "how a piece which is not like at all in Paris, will sometimes be played night after night in the provinces. There is my poor dear husband's—, for instance," etc. Scribe could have explained the seeming paradox if he had felt inclined.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

An Irish captain in the army, newly appointed to drill his regiment, vociferated loudly his first order, to show his authority: Advance three steps backward, and those men without arms, hold out your hands.

Mr. P— was asked whether it was possible to cure a blind alley, when that mighty genius readily answered:

"Certainly; I should first begin by improving its site."

Brown, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation. "Ah," said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made?"

There is something rich in the American's reply to the European traveler, when he asked him if he had crossed the Alps?

"Wal, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass over some risin' ground."

What is the relation of the door-mat to the scraper? It is a step farther.

Why are a country girl's cheeks like French calico? Because they are "warranted to wash and retain their color."

Slight changes make great differences. Dinner for nothing is very good fun; but you can't say as much of nothing for dinner.

At a prayer-meeting in New Hampshire a worthy layman spoke of a poor boy whose father was a drunkard and whose mother was a widow.

A Connecticut peddler asked an old lady, to whom he was trying to sell some articles, if she could tell him of any road that no peddler had ever traveled? "I know of but one, and that is the road to heaven," was the reply.

"There are ties that never should be severed," as the ill-used wife said, when she found her brute of a husband hanging in the hay-loft.

An old toper was heard the other day to advise a young man to get married, "because then, my boy, you'll have somebody to pull off your boots when you go home drunk."

A teacher of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had any ear for music? "Wal," said the old woman, "I raly don't know; won't you just take the candle and see?"

A boy entered a stationery store the other day, and asked the proprietor what kind of pens he sold. "All kinds was the reply." "Well, then, I'll take three cents worth of pig pens."

Can a woman be wetter than when she has a catarrh in her eye, a waterfall on the back of her head, a creek in her back, forty springs in her hoop'd skirt, and high-heeled shoes on? Yes, when she has a notion (as we call it) in her head.

"Is there any person you would particularly wish me to marry?" said a widow expectant to her dying spouse, who had been somewhat of a tyrant in his day.

"Marry the devil, if you like," was the gruff reply.

"Oh, no, my dear, you know it is not lawful to marry two brothers."

"Will you give me that ring?" said a village dandy to a lady, "for it resembles my love for you; it has no end."

"Excuse me, sir," was the reply, "I choose to keep it as being emblematical of mine for you; it has no beginning."

JOHN BILLINGS says there is nothing more touching in this life than to see a poor, but virtuous young man struggling with a mustache.

There is an amusing anecdote about Lord Derby. It is said that some wine merchant presented the Premier to testing a wine, claret or sherry, which was to keep off the gout, and that he got this reply: "I have tasted your wine, and I prefer the gout."

A good story is introduced apropos of the beautiful Maria de Padilla's bath. It was the custom of the gallantry of her day to drink the water in which the ladies had bathed, and Pedro re-named one of his knights for not complying with this custom.

"Sir," he replied, "I should fear lest, having tasted the sauce, I should covet the bird."

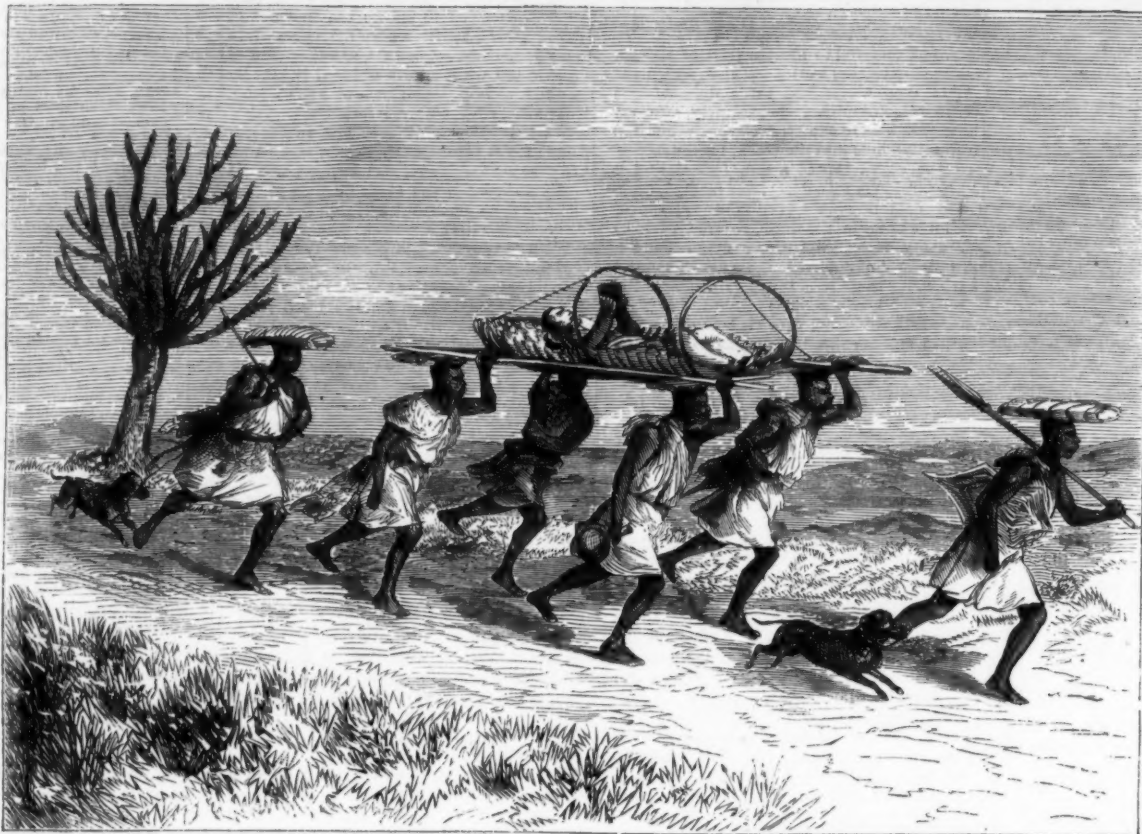
A modern gallant might have been less cautious. It is recorded in the *Viceregal annals* of Ireland, that one day at a castle dinner, after the beautiful Duchess of Rutland had dipped her fingers in a water-glass, General St. Leger caught it up and drank off the contents.

"If you want another draught, St. Leger," calmly remarked the Duke, "the Duchess dips her feet in hot water before going to bed."



### Mode of Travelling Adopted by Captain Speke in Africa.

This illustration shows an ingenious mode of locomotion invented and practiced by Captain Speke, the celebrated African traveler. It would seem to be the very acme of the luxury of locomotion. Nothing could be easier than the motion of being thus carried, extended upon a cushion, in such a species of car, borne upon the shoulders of men. Though the position does not offer any very great aid to a curious observer of the scenery, yet while passing through the sandy wastes of Africa an ample compensation for this falling is offered by the extra facilities it affords for reading. Though this mode of locomotion might appear suggestive that its author was anything but a daring traveler, yet Captain Speke has perhaps been through as many hardships and difficulties as any one of the numerous African explorers, and has also been more successful than any of them, having penetrated to what are now considered the sources of the Nile. It was, perhaps, the facility for invention, and the skillful adaptation of means to ends, in which this illustration shows he is an expert, which enabled him to succeed where so many others have failed.



CAPTAIN SPEKE'S MODE OF TRAVELLING IN EASTERN AFRICA.

### Flamingo Shooting in Spain.

Our illustration is taken from the account of a voyage in Spain made by Gustave Doré and Charles Davillier. The scene is on a lake near Valencia. The party having followed the grand canal, called Acequia del Rey, whose waters unite with the Albufera, came finally to the lake bordered by the steep Sierra Falconera, and the mountain of Monduber, which is said to be one of the highest in that region. No description can give an idea of the animation of the scene around the borders of the lake. It was a sort of holiday; the inhabitants of the surrounding country had come in crowds to the borders of the lake, and, despite the early hour of the morning, were formed in groups, preparing for the chase, taking their breakfast in the open air, patronizing the itinerant vendors of orange-water cooled with snow, and other refreshments always found in any Spanish fair; while numerous musicians were on hand providing music with their guitars and claras. The signal for pushing off in their boats was finally given, and the hunters pushed off in a long line, moving toward the centre of the lake, which was covered with thousands of birds clustered together in groups. One of these groups soon rose and filled the air; then the slaughter commenced. A regular fusillade was kept up, growing more and more furious as the circle of the hunters contracted toward the centre. When the birds finally sought refuge in a distant portion of the lake the same operation was repeated. In one of these encounters, Doré killed a magnificent specimen of a flamingo, measuring more than a yard from the tips of his wings. This successful shot, which forms the subject of our illustration, from the pencil of the artist-hunter, was received with acclamations from all sides, and earned for the sportsman the title of *my destre casador* (skillful shot).

### A Possible Case of Circumstantial Evidence.

HERE is a curious story, told by a London police detective officer to a relation of mine. I vary no important fact, and merely alter names:

Henry Ranthorpe was a literary man; he had made some slight success as a provincial journalist and a political pamphleteer. He had a tragedy in his trunk, a plot of a comedy in his head, and one five-pound note in his pocket, and he must needs come up, in the naughtiness of his heart, stirred by

"That last infirmity of noble mind,"

to win golden opinions and earn golden sovereigns in the great world of London. He had, moreover, made what is called an improvident marriage—that is, he had married a pretty girl without a farthing, who nevertheless was a very good wife. They were as happy as the *res angusta* would permit them to be. They took cheap lodgings in "the wilds of Pimlico." The tragedy had not been accepted (tragedies never are)—at least, the manager had not vouchsafed a reply. Nevertheless, he worked at the comedy laboriously and hopefully. As he had, however, not been for years in a London theatre, he thought, wisely enough, that it would considerably assist him if he saw a play acted at the house where he intended his five acts to be brought out. He had no especial interest with actors or critics by which to secure an "order," and his wife agreed with him that the expenditure of half a crown, low as their finances were, would nevertheless be a wise outlay. Meanwhile, a pair of boots, the only shoe-leather which he had brought with him from the country, had become so heelless, dilapidated, and shabby, that he made an investment in a pair of cheap shoes, and discarded the ruined bluchers. How to dispose of them was now his difficulty. He was ashamed to give them away at his lodgings; and they were not, after a grave consultation on the subject between his wife and himself, deemed worthy of repair. He proposed taking them out into the street at night and willfully making way with them, when the *usur placens* decried a dusty-looking cupboard high up in the wall of the bedroom, into which he threw his once serviceable boots. The cupboard-door would not close; but the cupboard being high up, and in a corner, the bluchers did not show.

He started on his trip to the Temple of Thespis, leaving his fond and self-denying little wife to her tea, her needlework, and her anticipations of his report of the evening's entertainment. He entered the pit-entrance of the Theatre just after the first rush of half-past six punctual folk had gone in; deposited his solitary half-crown, the only money which, with the exception of a few pence, he had about him; and received his check-ticket, and was about to pass on, full of disappointment at not having been earlier, and of excitement at the prospect of a little novel amusement—

To his intense astonishment, he had scarcely proceeded a yard when the money-taker called out to him and a policeman who was standing by simultaneously.

The man in the little box had twisted the half-crown, which was a bad one; was gesticulating wildly, and declaiming incoherently; and Henry Ranthorpe, in a few moments was in custody of the officer in blue. It was in vain that he protested his innocence, produced his card, gave his address, mentioned the names of two or three friends he knew in London. The money-taker winked knowingly to the officer, who smiled tranquilly; and to the station-house they went. The inspector took the charge, heard the evidence, and he was placed in a wretched dark cell, where a riotous drunkard was singing and crying in turns. Afraid to alarm his wife by sending her to state the misfortune that had befallen him, he secured, by the good offices of the inspector, who was struck with his respectable appearance and his manner, a messenger, whom he sent with a note to his landlord, and to a friend in Piccadilly, who was a respectable householder. They arrived, and gave so satisfactory account of him, that the inspector, overstepping his duty I think, permitted him to go; and he reached home rather earlier than his wife expected him, with very little to say about the comedy which he was to have enjoyed, but with a full and impassioned narrative of the calamity that had befallen him. They sat together over their crust of bread-and-cheese and glass of beer, vowing vengeance against the manager of the theatre and his employees,

and discussing the expediency of bringing an action for false imprisonment.

They little know how really narrow the escape had been. A few days afterward, Ranthorpe observed the ugly old boots protruding a little at the cupboard-door. To get rid of this eye-sore, he took a chair, placed his trunk upon it, and opened the dusty cupboard, in order to effectually secrete the boots. You may endeavor to imagine his astonishment when, in moving them, he described two large bags. They were very heavy; and what do you suppose they contained? One hundred bad half-crowns each. There could be no doubt about their quality. He showed them to his wife, whose astonishment was as great as his own. They began to entertain strange suspicions about the landlord; and next began to reflect that, after what had happened at the theatre, he would probably suspect them. They, however, rang the bell, summoned the worthy householder, and showed him the useless and dangerous booty. They were relieved, however, by seeing his broad countenance, at first filled with amazement and distraction, suddenly illuminated with a glance of profound penetration, and a smile of self-satisfied sagacity.

"I quite understand it now, ma'am," said their host, addressing Mrs. Ranthorpe. "Some months ago, two young men came one day and took these rooms. They gave me no references, but offered to pay in advance, which, as I always like to be on the safe side, I allowed them to do. Their hours were very strange; but they came in and went out very quiet, and gave but a very little trouble. Indeed, my missus said they were the best

lodgers we had had for this many a day. The money was regular, and, what seems odd now, none of it bad. One day they went out together, after they had been in this house eight weeks; and from that day to this I have never seen or heard of them. They certainly were very mysterious, and never told what their occupation was. A few clothes they left are up-stairs in a chest of drawers now, and a carpet-bag and a portmanteau. I did have my suspicions, which I mentioned to the old woman, when I saw that two young men somewhat answering to their description had been tried at the Old Bailey and sentenced to transportation."

Here ends this curious case. But suppose upon his arrest at the theatre officers had been sent to search his lodgings, and the two bags, as they would have certainly been, found. His wife could not have been a witness, the possession of a bad half-crown, and the finding of two bags of bad half-crowns in his bedroom, his poverty, almost friendlessness in London—must not these facts have inevitably caused his conviction. Of what avail, against all this, witnesses to character? Of what avail the ingenuity and eloquence of counsel. The landlord of the house, so wise after the event, would probably have directed his suspicions immediately to his new lodgers, and the fact of Ranthorpe sitting up alone at late hours of the night to write, and other facts having in them some scintilla of suspicion, would have been marshaled against him in compact array by the barrister prosecuting for the Mint. And this would have been a case of purely circumstantial evidence. The moral of the story is too obvious—the danger which a jury is always in of convicting an innocent man. This ambitious young *littérateur* might have been torn from his affectionate little wife, two hopeful and loving hearts broken, two respectable families disgraced, and a career of subsequent repute and usefulness nipped in the bud.

### The Rights of Servants.

It would be well if some employers would think a little less of their own rights, suspend their blind selfishness, and conscientiously set about an investigation of the rights of their domestics. Do not too many act as though servants had no just or human claim to any thing except a little food, a few paltry coins, and a shelter from the inclemencies of the sky? What a piece of wickedness for an employer to act as if he believed that the health, honor and virtue of a friendless servant-girl were all at his disposal, all to be had for hire! There is a line over which an employer's exactions ought not to be carried—a region in which for him to command and to coerce is an oppression more cruel than the grave. There is a complaint that servants do not always regard the property of their employers as carefully as if it were their own; but can we reasonably expect them to respect our rights if we trample on theirs? Would that every employer were always able to say to his servants:

"You know I always do justly by you; why is it that you will not render justice to me? I always respect your rights, and defend them; why will you not care for my interests, and protect them?"

It is a principle lying at the very basis of civilized life that substantial and valuable services shall be paid for in an equivalent by those for whom the service is rendered. Remuneration for service received is neither kindness nor charity, but the fulfillment of a lawful demand and an equitable claim. To speak in haughty tones of *giving wages* or *allowing salary* jars on the ears of honest and faithful toil. Not altogether can it be considered as a mere question of gift and allowance. "The laborer is worthy of his hire." The employer is as much advantaged by the service rendered him as the servant is benefited by the reception of his master's money. The debt and obligation is not all on one side—on neither side exclusively—but conjointly rests on both. The air of patronage and condescension with which some employers pay their servants can only pain and irritate, and had better be cast off. Not more self-complacent could a few of them be if they were executing a princely act of profuse munificence, and bestowing largess on one who had no more ground to expect such generosity than any worthless vagrant of the streets.

Will these patronizing ladies and gentlemen kindly stoop to answer a few plain questions put to them in sincere good will? Can you get along comfortably—can you get along at all—in life without the assistance of your servants? Can you dismiss the entire establishment, and get through all the work yourselves? No? Then you are both needy and helpless, and the payment of your domestics becomes a matter of kindly justice, which in deserving instances may be very appropriately colored by a sprinkling of delicious and refreshing gratitude. To discuss the ratio of wages according to their marketable value, would lead us far from the subject in hand into some of the perplexed questions of political economy; but taking things as they are in the prices of the labor-market, there is too much need of enforcing in some quarters the old adage, "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work." Underpaid servants are always overcostly to their employers.

THERE are few crops of great value that seem to be so independent of any special provision or condition of soil as the grape. Vines flourish and yield magnificent crops of the finest fruit in the slaty rocks of the Rhine, covered by a few handfuls of transported soil, with hardly any perceptible calcareous element. Other vines in Greece yield grapes from which very rich wines are made, the soil being mere angular lumps of limestone rock, forming a rubbish heap of material just as it has fallen from the mountains by natural weathering. Tokay is grown on alluvial mud. In the Bordeaux district the soil is very sandy and loose, chiefly a light, sandy, calcareous marl, with too little clay to be tenacious, and so much sharp siliceous sand that the rain washes out some of it after every shower that falls. There are in it many round siliceous pebbles (derived from beds of fine gravel in the neighborhood), and many angular blocks of limestone from the strata below mixed with the soil, and no doubt yielding the principal constituents. Marls seem, on the whole, to afford the best soil for the vine, where it is highly cultivated for large crops in congenial climates, and to some extent or other marls are to be found in all the great wine countries except the Rhine. The wines of the Rhine and Moselle are not rich in alcohol, and perhaps the cause may be found partly in the soil, though no doubt the climate helps. In some of the great vineyards of the Medoc district the soil, however, seems to consist little more than sand and pebbles.



SHOOTING FLAMINGOES ON THE LAKE ALBUFERA, IN SPAIN.



## HOME INCIDENTS. ACCIDENTS, &amp;c.



TWENTY-FOUR HOGS.

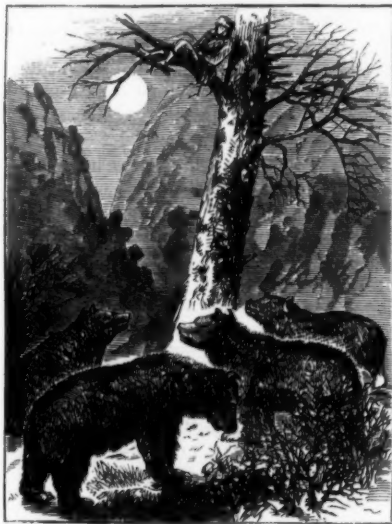
## HOME INCIDENTS.

## Twenty-four Hogs.

The following story is told of the early legal experience of a lawyer, who is now a very able Judge of the Supreme Court of one of the great States of this Union, but who, when he first "came to the bar," was a very blundering speaker. On one occasion, when he was trying a case of replevin, involving the right of property to a lot of hogs, he addressed the jury as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury, there was just twenty-four hogs in that drove—just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as there are in that jury-box!" The effect can be imagined.

## Treed by Grizzlies.

A correspondent writes us that Mr. John Christopher, of the Eureka Quartz Mining Company, Colorado, met with quite an adventure while coming from Downieville recently. He had been detained for some time at James Keen's ranch, during the storm, and when it



TREED BY GRIZZLIES.

cleared off he started for Eureka Mills. Coming up the hill, almost at the summit, he encountered four grizzly bears. Having moccasins on his snow-shoes, he thought it advisable to climb a friendly tree that was close at hand. The bears surrounded the tree, and kept him there from two o'clock p.m. until five the next morning. Being benumbed with cold, and not hearing anything from his sentinels, he concluded to come down and reconnoitre. It being quite dark at the time, he could not see very far, and in trying to get away from the place came very near stumbling over one of the bears. He, however, escaped his notice, and arrived at the mills at three o'clock p.m., where, after thirty-two hours' fasting, he enjoyed a hearty dinner and rest.

## Buried and Resurrected.

The following story comes to us from the far West: Recently, the large new snow-plow of the Pacific Railroad Company was cutting a clean furrow through six or seven feet of snow near Emigrant Gap, traveling at a speed of well-nigh ten miles an hour, and hurling great powdery fleecelike waves to right and left, when a couple



BURIED AND RESURRECTED.

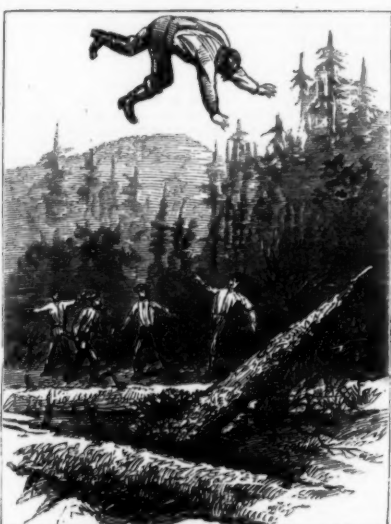


A PRACTICAL JOKE.

of Chinamen hove in sight, migrating to lower latitudes by the line of the road. They prudently and, as they supposed, safely made way for the puffing, snow-heaving monster by stepping so far aside as to leave him room to pass. But they calculated too closely. They left room for the plow, it is true, but only got far enough out of the way to form of their own poor carcasses a foundation for an immense furrow, and were buried some ten feet beneath the wave-like mass. One of them was able to flounder out, but the other remained in his "cold, cold grave" until exhumed by the amused exhibitors of the snorting mountain monster.

## A Practical Joke.

We have an account from St. Joseph, Mo., of a practical joke, which was played recently upon a somewhat verdant dry-goods clerk in that town: It appears that our young man, becoming weary of the monotony of trade, was very anxious to try his luck at hunting on the Western prairies, and finally persuaded three of his companions to devote an evening to this pleasure.



A SINGULAR WOOD-CHOPPING ACCIDENT.

Properly equipped with all the munitions necessary for vigorous war upon all such bipeds and quadrupeds as are included in the term game, the quartette started for the rural districts. When about four miles from town the party made a fire, and our young clerk, acting under the instructions of his comrades, was stationed there with an open bag in his hands. With the admonition that he keep the bag wide open and remain perfectly quiet until their return, the practical jokers started off with the intent, they declared, to drive all snipe being in the surrounding country toward the fire and into the bag, and thus leaving him they made straight for the city. On the following morning our young clerk was questioned as to his proceedings during the night. He declared that he remained at the fire but a short time, but by other evidence it was established that he had patiently remained at his post till long past midnight, with anxiety looking forward to an advent of the game. The amateur hunter declared that his ambition for a snipe-hunt on the prairie lands of Missouri is entirely extinguished.



DEACON A—AND THE RAM.



THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN D—ANGER.

## A Singular Wood-Chopping Accident.

Chris. Trussel was killed recently in Dale, Outagamie Co., Wis., by the following singular accident: It appears that a party of men were in the woods with him, cutting a fallow, and where they were chopping two large trees had been felled—one across the other, balancing nearly. He was chopping near these trees, and another man, having a large tree about ready to bring down, hailed him to look out, when he ran, and stood on the top of the balancing-tree to see the other come down. The men then brought the tree to the ground, which struck the other end of the tree on which Trussel was standing, and the tremendous weight of it coming upon the spring lever, threw him like a shot into the air upward of eighty feet! In coming down, one of his legs, from his knee to his hip, was shattered to atoms, and the back of his head was stove in. He came down head first. He was taken up with some life in him, but soon expired. He leaves a family of four fatherless and motherless children.



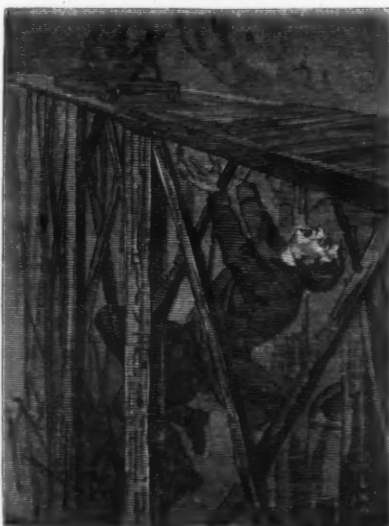
A MILK HORSE.

## Deacon A—and the Ram.

The following story is told of Deacon A——, a noted character in Northampton, Mass. While passing through his lot the other day he stooped down to tie his shoe. A pet ram which the boys had tamed, among other things had been taught to regard this posture as extremely offensive. He instantly resented the supposed insult, and butting with all his might, laid the deacon full length in a mudhole. Picking himself up, the deacon discovered the cause of his overthrow, standing in all the calmness and dignity of a conscious victor. His rage was boundless, and he saluted him with the energetic language: "You d—d old rascal!" At that moment he caught a glimpse of the benign face of the minister peeping through the fence, and he instantly added: "If I may be allowed the expression."

## The Ruling Passion Strong in D—anger.

The following story is told of a somewhat notorious Texan, Colonel Claib Herbert. During a sudden and tremendous rise of the Colorado the colonel was forced



A DROP FOR LIFE.



A VICIOUS HORSE.

to fly with his wife and children from the angry floods, which surrounded his house, to a place of safety. Sending his wife on ahead, with one child in her arms, he followed, as she supposed, with the two others. Judge of her astonishment and indignation, upon gaining safely the highlands and security, when looking back she beheld in her husband's arms two favorite chickens! which, having safely deposited, the tender father returned to the house and bore off the children.

## A Milk Horse.

A gentleman in Philadelphia, whom we will call Mr. Jones, being desirous of giving his wife the pleasure of a ride, borrowed his milkman's horse. Not being, however, a very good driver, Mr. Jones had great difficulty in managing the horse, which at last became ungovernable, and, to the great horror of Mrs. Jones, bolted with them. Mr. Jones did not know what to do, and a serious accident seemed unavoidable, when, all of a sudden remembering the capacity for which the horse was used, and calling out with a stentorian voice, "Milk,



CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

oh! milk, oh!" the horse stopped instantly, to their great joy, at this familiar cry, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones passed the day without any further incident, save that when they returned home in the evening, on passing a pump in the neighborhood, the horse would not stir an inch until Mr. Jones got down and worked the pump handle a dozen times, after which operation it moved on directly; and, to finish off the day's pleasure, it stopped at all the customers of the milkman in the road where Mr. Jones lived, his house being at the further end.

## A Drop for Life.

The following story comes to us from the mining districts of California: A well-known citizen, commonly called Mat, was walking over a trestlework at the highest point of one of the mountain railroads, when he met a hand-cart "driven by four men at full speed. The fog was dense and neither party saw the other until they were in close proximity. The danger seemed imminent that positive Mat would soon be comparative matter, when at the suggestion of the



A FURIOUS WOMAN FIGHTING HER WAY.



foreman on the car, Mat essayed to drop through and hold on to the trestle. The drop was successful beyond his most sanguine expectations, but the catch was a failure. He fell a distance of forty feet, fracturing his thigh-bone but saving his life."

#### A Vicious Horse.

The young and sprightly Mercury, named Frank Warhurst, whose special duty is attendance upon the editorial and artistic department of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, was quite recently the hero of the incident we illustrate above. One of the horses belonging to a wagon of the American News Company suddenly seized him by the shoulder and lifted him from the ground. The little fellow was so injured that he was unable to attend to his duties for some days, by which the entire machinery of the office ran great danger of being permanently disorganized. He is about again, however, and the illustrated newspaper will continue to appear with its customary regularity. Franky thinks that the horse, supposing him to be the author of the entire paper, and vexed at the enormous loads he was obliged to carry off in order to satisfy the demands for it, took this means of showing his displeasure, and to insinuate that the circulation of the paper should be curtailed, and his work made consequently lighter. The News Company, however, repudiate the opinion and the action of their horse, and paid the little fellow for the injury their servant had done him.

#### Caught in His Own Trap.

The Philadelphians are said to have an alchemist among them. A mysterious individual arrived there recently from Nooneknowwhere, and announced that he had recovered the long-sought-for secret of the conversion of common metals into gold and silver. Strange as it may appear, he found credulous people to furnish him money for his experiments. He pretended to show them how it was done, and went through a number of incantations, and actually produced silver from refuse metals; but one inquisitive chap took it into his head to peep into his crucible, and found some partially-melted half-dollars. The result was the arrest of the alchemist for swindling. Several gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion were the victims to the tune of a thousand or two.

#### A Furious Woman Righting her Wrongs.

Quite an excitement was recently created in that portion of Hudson City known as Luxtonville, in consequence of a woman residing in that locality having castigated two of the teachers of Public School No. 2, for having whipped one of her children. In the early part of the week, Mrs. L., the woman referred to, residing in Montgomery avenue, near Charles street, called at the school-house, and inquired for Miss Webb. The lady spoken to replied, "I am Miss Webb." Mrs. L. exclaimed, "Then I will make a cowhide of you," at the same time drawing a cowhide from under her shawl, seized the lady by the hair of the head, and laid it on most vigorously. Miss Webb screamed for help, and struggled to free herself, which she finally did with the loss of her waterfall, which the infuriated woman demolished in no time. At this juncture Mr. Hoyt, the principal, attracted by the screams, entered the room, when he, too, was set upon, seized by the hair of the head, and was the recipient of a number of strokes from the cowhide before he could extricate himself. Mrs. L., having avenged her supposed wrongs, then walked out, and as yet no legal steps have been taken toward bringing the perpetrator of the outrage to justice.

#### THE BEARD.

THE beard, being the peculiar feature of the graver sex, has never been subject to quite so many caprices of fashion as the hair; but the attributes, so to speak, of that manly gift of nature have always been highly esteemed and associated with the most serious events of life. From the most ancient times, in the East the beard has been treated with superstitious regard. The Egyptians, who were not a thick-bearded race, shaved all but the very tip of the chin; and this bit of beard was evidently highly venerated, for it is seen most carefully preserved in a special case both in the statues and in the mummy-case effigies; but when in mourning, the whole beard was left to grow. The Jews, during the captivity, were forbidden by Moses to shave like the Egyptians: "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corner of thy beard" (Levit. xix.). But they did not, as afterward in many parts of the world, let all the beard grow; they shaved the lip and chin clean, but a small spot below the ear was considered sacred, and this was never profaned with the razor. The sort of case enclosing the beard in the Egyptian statues may possibly represent the beard tied round with ribbon, as it was a custom amongst the Assyrians and Persians to entwine the beards with gold and ornaments. The fashion of all people but the Egyptians seems to have been to wear the natural beard, and the monuments of Nineveh show that they bestowed the most elaborate care on their beards. The heroes of the Greek mythology were all adorned with the beard, and Homer constantly alludes to the beards of the gods and his heroes Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Ulysses; and King Priam's white beard is especially described. Bacchus, generally represented youthful, was said to have traveled to India and come back with a beard, as the celebrated statue called the Indian or bearded Bacchus represents him. The beard was the badge of the philosopher, though probably there were wise men without beards, for Persius distinguishes Socrates as the *magister barbatus*; and in after times, when shaving was the fashion set by Alexander the Great, the beard was assumed in such ostentatious proportions by the philosophers, that the saying arose, a long beard does not make a philosopher; and when a would-be philosopher was found out, it was said his wisdom stopped at his beard, just as we say, "all the wisdom in the wig." Shaving was ordered by Alexander the Great for the Macedonians, because the beard was found to be too good a hold for an enemy in battle, and the fashion was followed very generally, but not by the Athenians. It must have been about this time (B. C. 300) that shaving became the custom amongst the Greeks and Romans, when, according to Varro and Pliny, the first barber was brought to Rome from Sicily, and Baipio set the fashion of shaving every day. Then, in fact, it was not considered decent to go unshaven for a day, as it lately was with us; and

when Marcus Livius, after being banished, was restored, he was ordered by the Censors to shave before being allowed to take his seat in the house. There were, however, some who did not follow the fashion; and in the latter times of the Republic the beard was cultivated and trimmed, for Cicero speaks of the *bona barba* and the *barbatuli juvenes*. While the tonsure was in vogue, the Roman youth, however, did not shave until they assumed the *toga virilis* in their seventeenth year. This was a ceremony of importance, and it was customary to put the beard cut off into some ornamental box and offer it to the gods, especially to Jupiter Capitolinus, as Nero did with great pomp. The Emperor Hadrian restored the beard, as Plutarch says, to hide some scars upon his face, but more probably the Emperor, with his taste for works of art and natural beauty, wished to recover this ornament of the sex, and to put an end to the practice which made men look so much more like women than nature intended.

Antoninus Pius and M. Aurelius wore fine beards; and though some people continued to shave, yet the beard was more generally worn to the time of Constantine the Great, though shaving was certainly general amongst the Gauls and the Teutons. The Fathers or Patriarchs of the primitive Christian churches wore their beards; Clement of Alexandria says: "The beard adds to the beauty of man, as a fine head of hair does to that of a woman," and Tertullian, who lived in the third century, cites a particular canon which forbade the priests to shave. The Council of Barcelona, held in 540, says: "Let no ecclesiastic allow his hair to grow or shave his beard." The Popes wore the beard until the separation of the Greek and Latin churches in the eighth century, when Leo III. and all the Latin clergy cut off their beards as a mark of distinction from the Greek priests, who retain theirs to this day. Pope John XII. was deposed in 963 for having, among other crimes, worn his beard. The question of beards was discussed by the Council of Limoges in 1031, and it was decided that the clergy might please themselves, but it was recommended to shave in order to be unlike the laymen.

Forty years later, however, a Council under Gregory VII. expressly forbade the clergy to wear their beards; but in the sixteenth century there were violent discussions in the councils for and against the beard. In some communities of monks the lay brethren and novices wore the beard; but when admitted to the fraternity the beard was sacrificed, and certain prayers said at this ceremony of consecration are still extant.

Unquestionably the beard gives great character to the face, and makes a head, which would otherwise appear weak in expression, appear forcible, thoughtful and resolute. Besides which, the beard is evidently given, as Goldsmith said language was, to conceal the thoughts, for it hides the most expressive feature in the face. Hence we see actors are obliged to shave in order to give them the fullest means of displaying the play of the features. None of the great tragic or comic parts is played with the beard; and if it were, the actor would be deprived of half his resources, and the audience would find the acting tame.

A woman, with all her blandishments and pretty arts, is constantly betrayed by her mouth; the eye may be fixed, or it may be allowed to wander, but the lips that quiver and change with every emotion are not to be controlled. A man is naturally screened from the display of those spasmodic and hysterical distortions, which would detract from his dignity, and often render him liable to fall in the battle of life, in which he engages every day.

Of the superior comeliness and picturesqueness of the bearded head we shall say nothing, except that it is evidently a favorite with the great masters of portraiture, Tintoretto, Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, and Rembrandt, and they all wore beards themselves. Raphael is a remarkable instance of a great man without beard; but with all his womanly sensitiveness and refinement, he was certainly not the least effeminate in his disposition, any more than he was ever weak in his art. Perhaps his singular delicacy of feature and the elegance of his figure may be taken as one of the best confirmations of the notion that great genius is always allied to the feminine character.

#### The Modern School of History.

LORD MACAULAY was the founder of a new school. The canons of criticism on which he proceeds are found scattered about in his writings. His earliest essays bear traces of them. They were fully developed at subsequent times. The noble fragment on which his fame will principally rest is composed from the first line to the last in scrupulous accordance with them. Few men have formed definite opinions so early, and adhered to them through life with so little change. No other man has left such a mark upon the literature of this generation. It would not be too much to say that every historical writer who has appeared before the English public since he assumed the critic's pen, bears evidence of his power. There is little similarity in style between Mr. Froude and Mr. Motley, yet they have a strong point of resemblance in their common indebtedness to him. We find in Lord Macaulay's "Essays" an elaborate analysis of the state of historical writing in his own time, and his views as to what it should be.

"To make the past present, to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of a great man, or on the eminence which overlooks the field of a mighty battle, to invest with the reality of flesh and blood persons whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified characters in an allegory, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners and garb, to show us over their houses, to seat us at their tables, to rummage their old-fashioned wardrobes, to explain the uses of their ponderous furniture"—this, says Lord Macaulay, is the true aim of history; but there is another class of writers who, adhering to the belief that to descend to such minutiae is to lower the dignity of history, attempt only "to extract the philosophy of history, to direct our judgment of events and men, to trace the connection of causes and effects, and to draw from the occurrences of former times general lessons of moral and political wisdom."

He complained that one of these two parts of a historian's duties had been abandoned to historical novelists, and that the historians were contented to exercise only the last. It was the aim of his life to show how the two might be reunited, and his success formed an era in literature. The writers who succeeded him differ entirely from those who wrote before his time. Mr. Froude and Mr. Motley delight their readers with picturesque description and touches of nature; they arrest attention by some characteristic trait of a great man, or a domestic incident in the life of a king. If we turn from their pages to those of Watson or of Gibbon, of Hume or of Macintosh, we find flowing periods, grave and sonorous diction, reflections just and weighty in matter, sparkling and epigrammatic in style; but military events are suffered to crowd all others out of the canvas, and if any touch of nature be admitted, it is admitted as it were under protest, and with an apology for such descent from the dignity of history.

Lord Macaulay considered that Sir James Macintosh approached nearer to his ideal of a historian than any other writer. He observed of a passage in Sir James Macintosh's history of the revolution, that a history of England written throughout in such a manner would be the most fascinating work in the language. Yet no one, we think, could peruse the passage thus referred to without feeling that Sir James Macintosh belonged to the old school of historians, and that to the critic himself was reserved the credit of showing how history could be made more fascinating than a novel. He has set his mark on the writers of history who succeeded him, as completely as in poetry Pope set his mark on the heroic couplet. Between Ben Jonson and Crabbe stands the genius of Pope. Between Watson and Motley the genius of Macaulay.

#### Mrs. Inchbald, the Actress and Author.

HER susceptibility concerning the loss of her beauty was never effaced by age; and it is recorded that when John Kemble came to take leave of her, previous to his last journey to Switzerland, she received him with her face averted to the wall, and continued in that position throughout the interview, refusing to reveal to him the ravages of time in those charms with which she had once hoped to win his heart for life.

Her characteristic care for money had grown upon her, no doubt, both through her strong desire for independence and the absolute necessity for the strictest economy during her early struggles; but though it gave rise to many traits of apparent avarice, it had a very different basis than the mere selfish greed for money. Throughout her life she had pinched and denied herself to help her family, and when only making thirty shillings a week she contrived to live on twelve, that she might have it in her power to render them occasional assistance. It may be imagined with what almost superhuman economy her scanty means were managed, when, notwithstanding this liberality, she had contrived to save nearly three hundred pounds when her husband died. To the end of her life she was equally rigid in her self-denial, that she might be generous to others; and when she was herself advancing in years the most painful privations were voluntarily endured to afford comfort to a sick sister, who does not appear to have shown much gratitude. The annuity of one hundred pounds a year she allowed her at these sacrifices she never availed herself of when its recipient had died, but devoted it still to deeds of charity. Well might she write at this time: "I trust I please God, though I may not please his creatures. I have always been aspiring, and now my sole ambition is to go to heaven when I die."

In illustration, on the other hand, of the extreme to which she carried her observance of the maxim, "Take care of the pence," etc., several anecdotes are related, of which the most remarkable are these two. When she was living at Kensington, Miss Wilkinson and Mrs. Siddons drove out in a pony-chaise to visit her. They were detained rather late at her house, and to save time, wished to take a shorter route home than that by which they had come. But as this would involve paying a turpikin, and neither of them had any money, they asked her to lend them twopenny. To their surprise, they were steadfastly refused. "I'll lend you ten pounds," she said, "because you'll remember to pay; but I won't lend you twopenny, because that you'll never pay again." On another occasion, she was proceeding, one cold wintry Sunday afternoon, through the snow-covered streets, on her way to dine with the Siddonses, when the poor man who used to sweep the crossing at Great Russell street, shivering in his rage, solicited her for a trifle. Whatever her compassion might have been, it did not overcome her desire to keep her pence in her pocket. Just as she was passing to the other side of the street, her foot slipped and she fell. The old man flew generously to her assistance. Still she held firm, and merely thanked him. But as she proceeded, the thought of the poor old mendicant's pinched and blue looks, of his forlorn nature, and of her want of feeling, so agitated her, that when she reached the Siddonses' she was nearly fainting from the conflict of emotions she had endured.

During the latter part of her life Mrs. Inchbald lived entirely retired from society, and could rarely be induced to emerge from her seclusion. Her last years were spent at Kensington House, at that time a Catholic establishment; and here, on the 1st of August, 1821, at the age of sixty-eight, she died. She was buried in the churchyard at Kensington, where, near the eastern wall, a simple monument is placed to her memory.

#### NUNNERIES.

THE young ladies who are now dispatched for half-yearly sojourns at boarding-schools would in all probability shudder at the thought of being sent to a nunnery, as though such a mission must necessarily be followed by "pining away and dying." The cloister-life, however, of the middle ages had little to justify gloomy associations. Even a charge of monotony could scarcely be sustained against the existence of the religious ladies of "merry England." Their days were every whit as diversified and happy—ay, and "jolly"—as that led by the majority of women in our own time.

The nun was not necessarily the unfortunate being popular tradition represents her, immured in a damp sombre cell, condemned to endless mortification, and cut off from all participation in human joy. On the contrary, she had an abundant share of liberty and mundane pleasure. The rules of her order—that is, the rules of that portion of society to which she especially belonged—measured out her days, and influenced her conduct; but viewed as restraints, they were not in any respect more harsh or irksome than those regulations of etiquette and decorum which no women in this year of 1867 can set at naught with impunity. She could leave the walls of her convent either for diversion or charity, to visit the sick and the poor of the vicinity, to join in the festivities of home, or to tend her dying parents. Nor were the usages within the walls opposed to contentment. The cellars of a Benedictine convent had to provide liberally for the ladies of the house. Turnip-bushes had not yet enabled agriculturists to keep large herds throughout the winter months. It was requisite, therefore, to cure scores of oxen and salmon for winter consumption. Without a doubt the beef of the period was a tough viand; but the human tooth was harder in those days, and man's digestion sounder than it is now; and tough though it was, none more tender could be had for love or money.

Moreover, to vary the salted meat and fish, at stated periods rations were served out of fowl and eels, white

puddings, and pancakes. Through Lent each "lady" residing in Barling Abbey had given her liberal doles of almonds and rice, raisins and figs. Was not the cellar also well furnished with English ales and Southern wines? Then, again, how rich were the religious houses in materials for pastime! Apart from the enjoyment which every social being experiences in watching numerous companions, there were diverse pursuits adapted to the diverse tastes of the secluded ladies. The best needlewomen wrought with perseverance at those matchless tapestries which have come down to us—monuments of the taste and skill of their producers. Some applied themselves to the study of the learned languages; others turned to music as a pursuit; many, in whom the organs of form and color were highly developed, labored at illuminating missals, lives of saints, and other works of religious instruction; whilst younger or more romantic sisters would spend delicious hours and days and weeks and months in reading or copying *romances* and romances—treasures all the more precious if forbidden by the abbess. Nor were nuns debarred from receiving visits from their friends. On this point some religious houses permitted more freedom than others; but under certain conditions and restrictions, the outer world could gain access to nuns not less fully than nuns could effect access to the outer world. Francisca says in "Measure for Measure":

"It is a man's voice; gentle Isabella, Turn the key, and know his business of him. You may, I may not; you are yet answer; When you have vowed, you must not speak with men. But in the presence of the prioress; Then, if you speak, you must not show your face; Or, if you show your face, you must not speak. He calls again: I pray you answer him."

The nuns of St. Helen's Bishopsgate, less conscientious than Francisca, habitually received visitors of the other sex, and entertained them with dancing. Well might Dean Kentwode disapprove such license, and ordain the appointment of "some sad woman, and discrete, honest, and well-named for shutting cloyster doors."

THE history of the word *danger* is not a little curious. In medieval Latin, *damnum* signified a fine imposed by legal authority; and then the term was elliptically applied to the property for trespass upon which a fine might be imposed. A man's enclosed field was in this sense his *damnum*, or in French his *damage*, or *domage*; *damage* was to distract or *dece* cattle found trespassing; and *domigerium* was the power of exacting a *damnum*, or fine, for trespass. As *damage* is written *damge* in the laws of William the Conqueror, the derivatives from it mentioned above became *damge*, *danger*. Chaucer says, in his version of the *Roman de la Rose*:

"Narcissus was a bachelore That Love had caught in his *daungere*;" that is, had caught trespassing in his close. Narcissus was therefore liable to a penalty at his hands. From this point the word passed, by an easy transition, to its ordinary acceptance at the present day.

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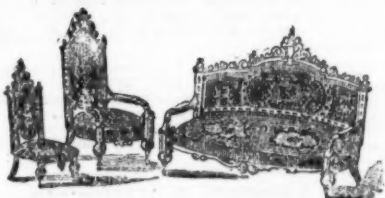
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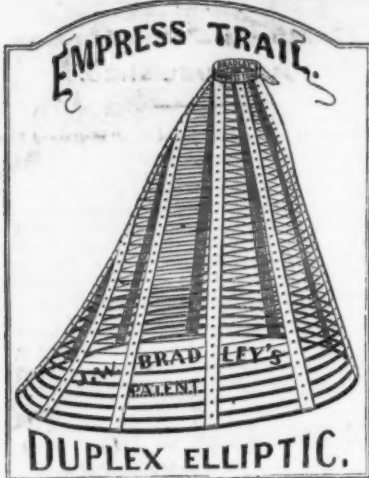
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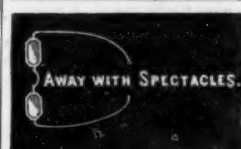
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